DECISION re MISSING WORD MONEY—See p. 512.

Read SOCIETY NEWS. One Penny. EVERY THURSDAY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

SEARCH LIGHT GIVES 1s. WORTH OF READING For 3d.

VOL. III.—No. 136.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25, 1893. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE

PEARSON POTTERY

COMPANY, HANLEY,

Are still selling rapidly their Marvellous Package of Crockery, containing—

100 PIECES OF CHINA & EARTHENWARE FOR £1 1s.

A DINNER SERVICE of 50 Pieces is included in the package that is WORTH THE GUINEA ALONE, consequently 50 pieces, including a beautiful China Tea Service, are GIVEN FOR NOTHING.

Write for particulars if you desire further information. Copies of hundreds of testimonials can be shown. All letters must be addressed to the

PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.

BE SURE TO CUT

10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the Readers of this Journal only.

On receipt of this advertisement, accompanied by Postal Order for 6/-, or 74 stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our genuine SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPETS, suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in 20 different patterns and art colourings to suit all requirements, and *large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.* These carpets are manufactured from a material equal in wear to wool, and are undoubtedly the cheapest in the world.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS and TWO RUGS for 10/6.

MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

The Queen says: "Decidedly stouter and handsomer than any of the kind, the price being the astounding part of the matter." *Schoolmistress*: "For style, durability, and cheapness, they cannot be beaten." *Penny Illustrated Paper*: "Manufactured in every variety of colour, and is one of the most surprising bargains I have seen." *Church Bells*: "Truly wonderful value."

Thousands of Testimonials similar to the following, and Repeat Orders, have been received from our Customers from all parts of the United Kingdom:

"65 Abbey St., Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

"Mrs. BOSTOCK will thank the British Carpet Weaving Co. to send her one of their Carpets, for which she encloses Postal Order. She has had one of these Carpets in constant wear for some years now, and finds it the best wearing and cheapest carpet she can get."

This offer is made to the readers of this Paper only, and MAY NOT BE REPEATED. All orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HARGREAVES, Secretary. ADDRESS—

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,
81 OLD STREET, ALDERSGATE, LONDON, E.C.

Australian Address—366a BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA. (EST. 1872.)

IT MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN. THIS OFF.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition.

ASK AT ALL TOBACCO SELLERS', STORES, ETC., AND TAKE NO OTHER.

SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES in packets containing 12, and boxes of 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov. 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:—

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Scrow," says:—"I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the 'Review of Reviews' for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, yet I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-bag for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances; but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I [illegible] Nice, and I would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE AND CUCUMBER.

FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Preserves the Skin from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, HARD WATER and Inferior Soaps *more effectually than any other Preparation.*

Entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, etc.

LADIES who value their Complexion should never be without Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber. It keeps the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE, and imparts to the Skin a Velvety Softness truly delightful.

GENTLEMEN will find it wonderfully SOOTHING if applied after Shaving.

It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the tenderest infant.

Beware of Imitations. "BEETHAM'S" is the only Genuine.

Bottles 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either size sent post free for 3d. extra, direct from the Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS 35 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR UNIFORM SUPERIORITY.

M. B. FOSTER & SONS, LIMITED,

FIRST QUALITY { BOTTLED BEERS. PURE MINERAL WATERS.

PURVEYORS OF BOTTLED BEER TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BUGLE BRAND 27 & 29 BROOK STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167 Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

LAST FEW DAYS OF SALE!

STOCK RAPIDLY CLEARING OUT!!

All ladies who intend purchasing these wonderful goods should send in their orders at once!!!

AN ENORMOUS SUCCESS!!!

In consequence of the extremely mild weather, we have an enormous stock of Dress Materials ... which we have decided to sell off at LESS THAN MANUFACTURER'S COST PRICE. We have also received the first delivery of our beautiful New Spring Dress Materials, which we shall offer along with our present stock at ridiculously low prices. Altogether, in ... Serges, and Fancy Scotch Tweeds, &c., we have in stock over

245,000 FULL DRESS LENGTHS.

The name of our firm being so well known in every part of the world, is sufficient guarantee of the excellent quality of these goods. Every yard is guaranteed perfect, and quite fresh from the looms, and without any fault whatever. *We guarantee every dress length to give perfect satisfaction, or return the money.*

SALE PRICES.

[illegible]

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIALS. *"Rain does not affect them."*

[illegible]

GIGANTIC SALE of Blankets, Flannels, Lanura, Bed Rugs, Travelling Rugs, Hearth Rugs, Curtains, Carpets, Door Mats, Umbrellas, Quilts, Sheets, Table Covers, &c. WRITE for SALE PRICE LIST.

[illegible]

LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co. (Dept. 703), The Dress Warehouse, ARMLEY, YORKSHIRE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Children's Bordered ... per doz. Ladies' ... Gents' ... Hemstitched, Ladies' 2s. 6d. Gents' 3s. 11d. Samples and Price Lists post free.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS AND SHIRTS. Collars—Ladies' 3-fold, from 3s. 6d. per doz.; Gents' 4-fold, 4s. 11d. per doz. Cuffs—for Ladies or Gentlemen, from ... per doz. ... with 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35s. 6d. per half doz. ... Old Shirts made as good as new, with best materials in neckbands, cuffs, and fronts, for ...

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish Napkins, 2s. 11d. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5s. 6d. per doz. Table cloths, 2 yds. square, 2s. 11d.; 2½ yds. by 3 yds., 5s. 11d. each. Kitchen Table Cloths, ... each. ... Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1s. 4½d. each.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER (By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.), BELFAST.

WORK IS OUR LIFE.

"Show me what you can do,
And I will show you what you are."

Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby), in an Address to the Students of Glasgow, said: "As work is our life, show me what you can do, and I will show you what you are."

Who are the Happy? Who are the Free?
You tell me, and I'll tell thee.
Those who have tongues that never lie, | To Friend or to Foe,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye, | To all above and to all below;
These are the Happy. These are the Free.
So may it be with thee and me.

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life.—Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Errors, Feverish Colds, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, etc. It prevents diarrhœa, and removes it in the early stages.

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

IT IS PLEASANT, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and free from Disease.

TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It prevents any over acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhœa and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhœa in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. No doubt where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—A Gentleman states:—"In cases of Bilious Headaches, followed by ... Malarious Fever (INFLUENZA), ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts like a charm."

... A Lady writes:—"I think you will be glad to hear that I find your ... valuable remedy; and I can assure you I recommend it to all my ... satisfactory. Everything—medicine or food—ceased to act ... before I commenced taking it, the little food I could take ... My life was one of great suffering, so that I must have ... and our family it has been a great earthly blessing; I feel I ... The least I can do is to do my best to make the 'FRUIT SALT' ... I am getting better rapidly, and expect to totally recover, after ... of pounds and travelling about for twelve years."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two and a half years from ... Headache and Disordered Stomach, and after trying almost everything without ... I was recommended to try 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one ... found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and ... I have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ... Post Office, Barrasford."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE MAKES CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES

CAMPBELL'S

GOLD MEDAL ... PATENT. BROAD REED ...

MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. NO KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC IS REQUIRED BY THE PLAYER. Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales:—"Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." *Enormous Demand. Selling in Thousands.*

100,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	order only	6s. 6d.
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	10s.
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	14s.
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	16s. 6d.

EITHER OF THE ABOVE SENT CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. *Cut this out and mention "Pearson's Weekly" when ordering.*

New Price List for Season 1893, 100,000 of these valuable lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, Glasgow. (Established 51 years.) Also the largest assortment in the Kingdom of all kinds of Musical Instruments.

FRETWORK FOR AMATEURS.

3 GOLD MEDALS. HIGHEST AWARDS.

New Catalogue now ready, 60 pages, 600 illustrations, post free, 4d. GRATIS with each a Veneer Album, with specimens of woods for Fretwork and Carving. SPECIAL PRIZE OUTFIT for beginners, 12s., steel frame, 24 saws, awl, file, designs, and wood, 2s. 6d., catalogue and veneer album included. 6ft. planed wood, 2s. 6d.; 12ft., 4s. 3d. Fret-saws, 1s. 4d. gross, all post free.

J. H. SKINNER, P Depart., Dereham.

ART High-class reproductions from the Paris Salon and other Continental Galleries. Artists' Studios, Views, etc. Selections sent on approval. 16 Miniatures for 1/-. *Lists Post Free.*

P. STEVENS, 44 Manton Road, New Kent Road, London, S.E. **PHOTOS**

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

Bilious & Liver Complaints CURE Indigestion, Flatulency, Lassitude, and Want of Tone.

In a Square Green Package.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

Mild but Effectual. Safest Family Medicine. Contains No Mercury. A Never-failing Remedy. Are Unequalled.

In a Square Green Package.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FITS! FITS!

ALL PERSONS Suffering from EPILEPSY should send Name and Address to JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, full particulars (with Testimonials) of the most successful remedy ever discovered for this distressing malady. Sent to all parts of the world. Reference permitted to Rev. J. BAKER, M.A., 67 Withington Road, Manchester.

20,000 DRESS LENGTHS to be cleared out, Ladies! A splendid assortment of the newest Dress Fabrics in Cloth and Tweed left over the large wholesale orders to be cleared out at from 5/0 to 17/-. **GREAT SALE** ... the dress length. 1/- discount on two dress lengths. *Patterns Free*—may be kept. Any length cut. Apply direct, GORDON, BOYD & CO., The Tweederies, 1 Lacy St., Leeds.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER WATCH, 19/-

Wonderful timekeeper, strong, well made, six jewels, genuine silver cases, genuine written warranty, lady's or gent's, sent free, registered, for 19s. A month's trial allowed. COMPARE THIS WATCH with those advertised as worth £3. IT IS FAR SUPERIOR. Full particulars of this and every possible kind of watch in our ... CATALOGUE elegantly illustrated, with 1,100 engravings (post free), containing also, "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH." SPECIAL ... Levers, £2 10s. The "KNOCKABOUT WATCH," 7s. 6d. ...

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY AT A SHOP.

Send direct to the Manufacturers, Birmingham ... supplies the world with Jewellery. ... our Catalogue of Rings, Chains, Brooches, &c., also Electro-Plate and Cutlery.

NO OLD-FASHIONED EXTRAVAGANT PRICES.

WATCH CLUBS.—Managers who have had experience of the inferior goods usually considered good enough for Watch Clubs by other firms, should apply for particulars.

C. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., *Belgrave House, Bristol St., Birmingham.*

YOUR MARRIAGE MAY BE YOUR TORTURE—Social Etiquette Guide—how to Dance, Dress, Act, Court, Love, and Marry, eight stamps. Also Every Lady's Dream Book and Fortune-Telling Book—true explanation of the coming events of your life and ... history, eight stamps.—T. W. HARRISON, 35 Holywell Street, London, W.C. Mention this paper.

SCOTCH TWEEDS ALL WOOL.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID. Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also CLAN TARTANS, SERGES, & HOMESPUN COSTUME CLOTHS FOR LADIES' DRESSES in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, Knee Rugs, Blankets, etc., manufactured by CURRIE, M'DOUGALL, & SCOTT, Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B., AND THEREBY SAVE TWO INTERMEDIATE PROFITS AT LEAST. Patterns must be returned within ten days.

CONDY'S FLUID

CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID. THE SOVEREIGN CURE FOR

SORE THROAT
RELAXED THROAT
HOARSENESS

"You cannot use a better gargle for this than CONDY'S." SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

Genuine Bottle

CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 67 Turnmill St., London, E.C.

HAIR CURLERS

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective, and require no skill to use. Made in five colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX,

Free by Post 8 Stamps. *Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.*

Wholesale of R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS. Linen Collars & Fronts combined, with small points or turned-down collars, 5/6 per doz.; postage, 4½d. extra. WHITE SHIRTS, Linen Fittings, 2/9, 4/9, 5/9 & 6/9.

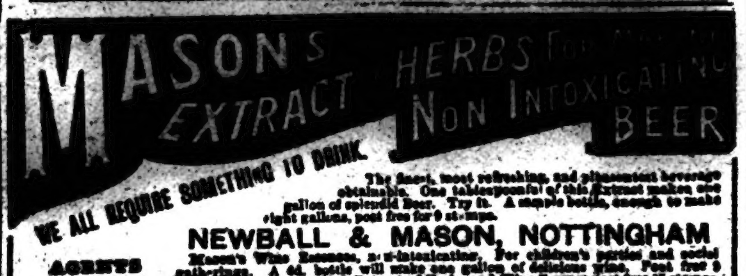
IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yards square, 2/11 each. NURSERY DIAPER, 4½d. per yard. Real Irish Linen SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1/11 per yard.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies' size, 2/3 per doz.; Hemstitched, 2/11 per doz.; Gent's size, 3/6 per doz.; Hemstitched, 4/11 per doz.

IRISH TWEEDS. Samples free.

G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, IRELAND.

LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.



The finest, most refreshing, and pleasantest beverage obtainable. One tablespoonful of this Extract makes one gallon of splendid Beer. Try it. A sample bottle, enough to make eight gallons, post free for 9 stamps.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM

AGENTS WANTED

Mason's Wine Essences, non-intoxicating. For children's parties and social gatherings. A 6d. bottle will make one gallon of delicious wine. Post free 9 stamps, or a bottle of both Extract of Herbs and Wine Essence post free 15 stamps.

GODIVA CYCLES (REGISTERED.)

LARGE DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or Easy Payments (one-twelfth part Monthly). CATALOGUES FREE. Good, bona-fide, and influential Agents wanted *Everywhere* where yet unrepresented. (A good paying agency.) High-class Machines only, most superior and SECOND TO NONE on the market. All descriptions Pneumatics and Cushions of best quality.

W. H. MARSTON & CO., Coventry.

[illegible] ... MONTHLY

COLDS

HEAD—TOOTH—FACE ... absolutely cured. See Testimonials from ... Anderson, Wyndham, Murphy, Maloney, Feathers de Baathe, and others. *Pearson's Weekly, Pick-Me-Up,* &c., about WECHSLER'S COLD CURE. 1s. 9d., from WECHSLER, 15 Christopher Street, London, E.C.

SCORCHER BOOTHROYD PNEUMATIC BICYCLE.

Great Success, Fastest, Highest Class, Lowest Price, £12. Every Machine on approval, carriage paid. Before buying, Prospectus. Don't buy a common bicycle. Agents wanted, Large Discount.

Bennett "Scorcher" Steel Cycle Company, St. Albans, Herts.

PRINTS, PRINT REMNANTS

Hawkers, Drapers, Small Shopkeepers, New Beginners, &c., should send for a 10s. or 20s. parcel of useful and saleable PRINT PIECES OR REMNANTS. Carriage Paid on orders of 10s. and upwards.

FREDERICK STOPFORD, *Wholesale Print Dealer,* Hooley Hill, near Manchester. All P.O.'s to be made payable at Hooley Hill.

☞ Will you do us a good turn by giving this copy to someone when you have read it?

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE.

VOL. III.—No. 136.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25, 1893. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MAKING BELIEVE.

Did you ever play at making believe?
'Tis the merriest play I know,
With the power a magic spell to weave
However the wind may blow.

If you've only a simple cotton gown,
A little the worse for wear,
Just make believe that in all the town
There isn't a dress so fair.

Instead of faded and scanty folds,
You may fancy it rustling silk;
A warp that lustre of moonlight holds,
And a woof that is white as milk.

You may "make believe" with a bit of bread,
And a cup of water poured,
That you sit with ease at a royal spread,
No lack at the festal board.

The people who "make believe" aright
Shorten the longest day,
Brighten the gloomiest hours with light,
And laugh their trouble away.

It's always foolish to sigh and shirk
If anything must be done,
With an earnest purpose turn the work
To "make believe" of fun.

And if only you try this "make believe,"
The cheeriest play I know,
You'll find that a magic spell 'twill weave,
However the wind may blow.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

ARTISTS who "receive" in their studios have some trying experiences.

A painter was talking with a fair visitor about one of his pictures, and hoped that he was making a decided impression.

"Yes," said she, "it is charming—charming! But, oh, Mr. Fitz Madder, what a delightful room this would be for a dance, with the musicians in the gallery, and all the easels and pictures and things cleared away."

PANAMA HATS.

PANAMA hats are so named from the circumstance of their being shipped from the port of Panama. They are manufactured in Ecuador and the neighbouring States. The material used is the fibre of the leaf of the screw pine, which is related to the palms. It grows only on the slopes of the Andes. The tree is described as having no trunk. The leaves are on slender stems that spring from the ground. They are about two feet long, fan-shaped and four-parted. Each of the segments is tencleft, so that when the leaf is folded, as in the bud, there are eighty layers.

The fibre of these leaves is finely plaited, and each hat consists of a single piece of work. The plaiting of the hats is a slow and tiresome process. Coarse hats may be finished in two or three days, but the fine ones take as many months. The work is begun at the crown and finished at the brim. The hat is made on a block, which is placed on the knees, and has to be constantly pressed with the breast.

About two hundred thousand dozens of these hats are made every year. The price varies according to the firmness of the material and the quality of the work. They are valued at from £1 to £20.

Panama hats are much prized for wear in the tropics, because of their lightness and flexibility. They may be rolled up and put into the pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black, but by washing them with soap and water, treating them with lime-juice, or similar acid, and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored.

AND FATE SMILED GRIMLY.

JACK: "I'll tell you what's the matter, George, you don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please, whether they are successful or not. Women like praise, and lots of it."

George: "All right. I'll remember it."

George (at dinner, same day): "My dear, this steak pie is just lovely! It is delicious! Ever so much better than those my mother used to make. She couldn't equal this pie if she tried a month."

George's Wife: "You made fun of every pie I ever made, and now——"

George: "But this is lovely."

George's Wife: "That came from the baker's."

THE INSANE DO NOT SHED TEARS.

ONE of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholy or excitement of mania as in the utter apathy of dementia.

If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is one beginning to recover or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane, while actual insane persons appear to have lost the power of weeping, it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountains of their tears.

Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she has been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated on herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanies the plaint of the sane woman, contrasts strangely with the dry-eyed appeal of the talkative lunatic. It would, indeed, seem that tears give relief to feeling which, when pent up, leads to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amid all the misery of the insane, they find no relief in tears.

A HEROIC MIDDY.

IN the late Admiral Aube France lost a devoted statesman and patriot. The work of his later years was the reform of the administration of the French navy. From the time that he entered a naval school as a boy, his career was marked by fine courage, sincerity, and good sense.

When he was senior midshipman of the *Tonerre*, and not yet twenty-two years old, he distinguished himself by an act of intrepid daring.

The *Tonerre* was anchored in the port of Genoa. One night a fire broke out in the military arsenal of the place. The commander of the French ship at once sent out a boat with a party of sailors to assist the garrison and the inhabitants. The fire threatened to be terribly destructive if its spread could not be checked.

Aube was placed in command of the aiding party. The struggle against the fire was going on well, when suddenly a panic seized the Italians, and they fled precipitately.

A sudden breath of wind had changed the direction of the flames. A quantity of *debris* on a low structure, the roof of which was only six feet above the ground, burst into flames. This structure was the powder magazine.

Quick as thought Aube perceived and acted upon the one plan by which he could master the situation. He sprang on the smoking roof, climbed to the ridge, and seating himself calmly, went on directing the men from this point of observation.

Electrified by this act of heroism, the Italians retraced their steps, and they and the sailors attacked the fire with vigour and success.

The midshipman Aube descended from his perch and tried to retire quietly to his ship; but an ovation was not to be escaped. He was surrounded and carried to the ship's boat, which awaited him in the midst of enthusiastic applause and expressions of appreciation.

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR SALARY!

WE offer to double the yearly salary of the person from whom we receive the best suggestion for increasing the attractiveness of *P.W.* or augmenting its sale.

Probably everyone who reads the paper has some idea or other, by which he or she considers that it could be improved. We want to hear what those ideas are, and to the sender of the one which appears to us most practical, we shall make a cash present of a sum equal to the yearly salary which the winner is earning.

Whether the amount of the prize is published in P. W or not will be the option of the winner.

Persons who do not earn salaries may compete, nominating others in wage-earning capacities, whom they wish to reap the benefit if they are successful. Thus a wife may go in for the prize, and nominate her husband, a sister may nominate her brother, a parent a child, or *vice versâ*, and so on.

No one person may make more than one attempt to win this prize.

Suggestions must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be as short as possible; in any case they must not exceed two hundred words in length.

Envelopes containing them must be posted to Temple Chambers as soon as possible, marked "Salary."

The name and address of the sender, and his or her yearly salary, must be written at the foot of the suggestion sent. In cases in which others are nominated for the prize, these particulars must be given of them; but the name and address of the actual sender should be put as well.

However trivial an idea may seem, it is worth while to forward it, for very often the most simple notions are the best.

The competition will close March 15th. Don't delay.

"WHAT is usually the nationality of a boot-black, my dear?" asked Mrs. Caution of her husband.

"Oh, it varies," replied Caution. "Sometimes they are Polish and sometimes Chinese."

BRIGHT CHILD: "I know what they call 'em, mamma, when there's three twins."

Mamma: "What, Katy?"

Bright Child: "Giblets."

WEARY-LOOKING MAN: "Doctor, can insomnia be cured?"

Doctor: "Nothing easier. Anyone can fall into a sound sleep by simply trying to count a thousand."

"Y-e-s; but our baby can't count."

MULVANEY: "Fwat's that you're drinkin' wid your phwhisky?"

McMeeley: "Applecinaris water."

Mulvaney: "How does it taste?"

McMeeley: "It tastes just the same as if yer fut was asleep."

A FEW days since a boy was sent to collect a small bill which had just become due. He began in the usual way, but became more and more importunate, and at length, the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him: "You need not dun me so sharply. I am not going to run away at present."

"I don't suppose you are," said the boy; "but my master is, and he wants the money."

"The Companion" has now got into its New Overcoat.

A DOSE OF SALTS.

"Whatever you do, Ella," said my husband, drawing on his gloves and looking gravely at me as I stood in the doorway, "do not under any circumstances touch anything in the shop. If any prescriptions come in, put them on the file by the side of the desk, and let no emergency or persuasion tempt you to make them up yourself."

"You needn't be afraid," I replied, with a little shrug of my shoulders; "I'll not touch anything that I do not thoroughly understand."

"Very well," said my husband, and his face cleared. "I cannot feel uneasy on you promising that. I will not be away more than three or four hours. Here comes Madge, so you will not be lonely. Good-bye."

His earnestness impressed me, at least as deeply as I was capable of being impressed by anything more serious than a ball or any other light, frivolous pastime.

The truth was, my indulgent though business-like husband had petted and spoilt me until my life had become one long path of sunshine, and I was as gay and careless as a happy child.

For a long time he had been wearing out his youth and strength as head clerk in a large wholesale druggist's in London, while the days passed easily and pleasantly by for me; but at last his health failed, and his physicians told him he must leave close confinement and the wearing work of his business, and exchange the damp, foggy atmosphere of the metropolis for the fresh, invigorating air of Yorkshire.

Though I secretly regretted leaving my home and friends, I cheerfully consented to remove to a small town in the East Riding, where he opened a combined chemist's shop and post-office.

As houses to rent were very scarce, we occupied rooms behind the shop, and I, having little or no housework to occupy my time, conceived the brilliant idea of assisting my husband in the shop, and, in addition, of qualifying as a telegraph operator, becoming in time a "lady" chemist.

This was two months previous to the time of which I write, and already I was beginning to appreciate my importance, and to take pride in the graceful twist of my fingers with which I broke the pink cord, and in the neatness with which I used the red sealing-wax.

With a good deal of self-confidence, and, I fear, an air of condescension, I turned to meet my friend, Miss Madge Wilkie, the lady who was teaching me my telegraphic work, and who had kindly consented to remain with me until my husband's return; but I afterwards regretted that she had come, for I soon discovered, with secret chagrin, that she had not as much confidence in me as a chemist as I had in myself.

I had taken her into the back room, and we were sitting by the fire in cosy rocking-chairs which I had brought from my own room, chatting as only two young and happy women can chat when no gentlemen are present.

Presently, glancing up, I noticed that the early dusk of a winter evening had darkened the room. Four or five inches of snow lay upon the ground, with here and there large drifts; and, as I hastened to light the lamps in the shop, I noticed that it was still snowing heavily.

"We shall not have much business to-night," said I, adopting the careless tone of a business man, as I resumed my seat.

"All for the best, perhaps," said Madge, with a little laugh.

"Why?" I asked rather coldly, nettled by the laugh.

"Oh, something might come in that you did not understand," she replied; "a prescription, or something of that sort."

"Oh, pshaw!" retorted I, somewhat superciliously. "I'm not afraid of that. I——"

The shop-door opened, and two men entered. I recognised one of them as an occasional customer.

"Good evening, Mr. Mund," I said, assuming my blandest business air for the benefit of Miss Madge. "What can I do for you, this evening?"

"Nothing for me," replied Mr. Mund, with a slight nod towards his companion, an overgrown, gawky, ignorant-looking yokel of about fifteen, who now stepped, or rather shambled, towards me.

"Give me some salts," he said bluntly.

"Salts," I ejaculated.

"Yes, *salts*," said the boy with a grin, while I thought, as I glared at Madge, that I detected laughter in her quickly-averted eyes.

"I'm very sorry," I faltered, "but my husband—that is—er—I'm alone, and he—and I don't know where he keeps the salts."

"Oh, well, I ain't in no 'urry," said the boy, still grinning; "I warn't feelin' very well, an' dad tol' me ter stop an' get a dose o' salts."

"What?" said Madge's soft, sarcastic voice behind me, "can't even find salts? Why, Ella!"

"At least I can try," I retorted; and, forgetting all my husband's solemn cautions, and my own promise, I began a frantic search in every likely and unlikely place in the shop; but salts there were none.

"I suppose I shall have to give it up," I said at last, crawling out from under the counter, with red face and crumpled hair; but as I spoke my eyes rested upon the telegraph instrument, and a happy inspiration came to me.

My husband had gone to the chemist's in a little town five miles distant. The shop, like so many in rural districts, was also a telegraph and post-office. It was possible he had already arrived there. Seizing the handle, I gave the call.

In a moment the answer clicked. "Has my husband reached you yet?" I tapped.

"No, we have not seen him."

"Can you tell me where to find salts?"

"Repeat," came the request, and I knew that the girl at the other end could not understand my strange request.

I sent the message again. After a moment's waiting the tapping recommenced.

"We keep salts in a shelf jar."

"What is the other name for salts?" I asked, exposing my ignorance more fully every minute. After a pause the reply came:

"Sulphate of magnesia."

I thanked her, and leaving the instrument, went searching among the shelf bottles, repeating to myself as I went, "Sulphate of magnesia! sulphate of magnesia!" fearful that I might forget it.

There were five rows of shelves, and I glanced over them all, but did not find it. I was now so confused and flurried that I could scarcely lift my eyes, and my hands shook from sheer nervousness.

"Perhaps I overlooked it," I said. "I'll go over them once more."

But as I spoke my eyes rested on a bottle labelled "Sulphate of Mercury."

My mind was now so fully occupied with the thought that Madge and the man and the boy must be secretly amused at my awkwardness and self-consciousness that I instantly seized this bottle, and exclaimed triumphantly:

"I have it. Sulphate of mercury!"

My relief was so great that, with the sudden revulsion of feeling, my self-sufficiency returned with remarkable force.

"Now, how much will you have?" I asked, with studied carelessness, as I leisurely removed the stopper.

"Oh, about a dose," said the boy with a good-natured grin.

"But I don't know what is a dose," said I, trying not to reveal my chagrin.

"Well, pour out," was the reply; "I'll tell you when I think you've got a dose."

I arranged a square of blue paper on the scales, and poured out the whitish, lumpy drug until the boy told me to stop.

"I suppose you know salts when you see it?" I remarked loftily.

"Well, no," said he, "not for sartin. But that do look like it."

"Rather," I said, relaxing into cheeriness in my feeling of superiority.

I found that it weighed just an ounce; and then asked him if he wished to take it immediately, or wait till he reached home.

"I think I'll tak' it noo," he replied; and I was about to get a tumbler, when Mr. Mund interposed.

"As neither of you are positive as to the dose, I would advise you to wait till you got home, Jim," said he.

I did not thank him just then for his interference, but afterwards I went down on my knees and thanked Heaven for it.

Well, I made the salts into a neat package, and my customers departed.

I spent as much time as possible cleaning the scales and replacing the bottle, for I dreaded to meet Madge, but finally screwed up my courage, and went into the back room.

At that moment, "clickety-tap" went the instrument. I hastened to the stand, and answered.

"They tell me you had a call for salts. You will find it in a drawer, labelled——"

"I found it in a shelf jar," I interposed, anxious to exhibit my triumph to my husband.

"In what?" clicked the answer.

"In a shelf jar. Sulphate of mercury."

There was no reply. A presentiment of evil must have come over me, for my heart began to beat violently. Then the tapping went on:

"Do you mean to say you sent out sulphate of mercury for Epsom salts?"

For a second I was bewildered, and I could not work the machine. Then the terrible truth burst upon me.

"Good Heavens!" I cried aloud; "I have made a mistake. It should have been sulphate of magnesia!"

Collecting my thoughts, I clicked out "Yes," and waited for a reply. But though I repeated half-a-dozen times, no answer came.

Trembling in every limb, I ran to the "British Pharmacopœia," which I had until now forgotten, and hastily turned to Sulphate of Mercury. Half-way down the page my startled eyes found the words, and great red spots blurred my vision as I read. It was a poison, and the fatal dose was infinitely less than an ounce.

"Stay here till I come back!" I gasped to Madge; "and don't touch the drugs!"

And then, at the terrible absurdity of *my* giving such a warning to anyone, I laughed aloud in my frenzy as, without hat or jacket, I rushed out into the soft snow which was still blowing and drifting.

My feelings, as I waded through that terrible storm to Mr. Mund's home, I cannot describe. The awful thought that perhaps I was already a murderess filled my mind, but not to the exclusion of the still more dreadful one that only my ignorance and self-conceit were to blame. If I had obeyed my husband's last solemn instructions, and touched nothing that I did not understand, this terrible uncertainty would not now be torturing me.

In imagination I could see my husband hurrying towards home through the snowdrifts, wild with the fear that he had, by trusting his business to an incapable but too confiding wife, not only dealt death to a trusting customer, but also ruined for ever his reputation as a chemist.

Try as I would, I could not banish from my mind the vision conjured up by my excited imagination—a thin, boyish, grinning face, now perhaps white and stern and accusing in death.

At last, almost exhausted, I reached Mr. Mund's house, and he came quickly to the door.

"Where does the boy live?" I gasped. "I made a mistake—I—gave him the wrong—thing."

His face turned pale. Without a word in reply he seized his hat and caught hold of my arm to steady me, and we plunged again into the storm.

He mercifully refrained from talking to me as we went. Perhaps he realised that speech was difficult to me just then. Several times, indeed, I was forced to pause and summon together all my strength and courage before I could proceed.

It seemed to my anxious mind an hour, though in reality it was only a quarter of that time, that we pushed on our way in miserable silence. But at last, when my strength and limbs had almost failed, a light gleamed across the snow, and in another minute we were at the door of a small cottage.

"This is the place," said my companion; and, seeing I could not move, he gave a nervous, hurried rap.

I held my breath, but I could feel the quick, deep throbbing of my heart during the brief moment we stood without.

The door opened. The light from a fire lighted up the long, lank figure that I had so longed yet dreaded to see again. As the boy recognised us his face broadened gradually into that characteristic grin which just then seemed to me the most delightful sight my eyes could possibly behold. I did not at that moment think the possessor of the face awkward or ungainly.

"You—you—did not take it," I said, faintly, holding to the door for support.

"No," he answered with a good-natured laugh. "Soon as fayther seed thet stuff 'e sed there wus no salts about that."

As he ceased speaking I heard a roaring sound, and everything seemed to whirl round with me. For the first and only time in my life I became unconscious.

Three years have passed since that bitter night, and by patient study and strict attention to business I have become a careful and competent chemist. But to this day I cannot weigh out salts, especially if the scales turn at an ounce, without a sickening recollection of that night's walk through the snow.

If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.

"I am so pleased," said young Mrs. Warble to her husband, "that you succeeded at last in matching that pattern! Don't you think the design is wonderfully chaste?"

"I should say so," replied Warble; "I ran all over the town after it."

There were no fewer than twenty-five words in the last issue which contained three alphabetically consecutive letters. Here are a few of them:—nNOPened, weiGHIng, eRSTwhile, DEFeated, STUdent, etc., etc. Pencil cases have been forwarded to the following persons:—

Mr. A. J. Elliot, 41 Almorah Road, Downham Road, Islington; Frank Tart, Public Wharf, Leicester; S. Parsons, 6 Leam Street, Leamington Spa.; T. Harper, 40 Norton Street, Nottingham; F. J. Gladish, S.E.R., Dover Town; M. Langley, 81, Hastings Street, London, W.C.; S. F. Scanlan, Inland Revenue, Weishpool; R. Jeffrys, 22 St. John's Street, Newport Pagnell; J. C. Wilson, 56 Darnley Road, Gravesend; E. Palmer, 62 Blythe Vale, Catford, S.E.; C. E. Roberts, c/o D. Vaughan, Chemist, Oswestry; Miss Cocks, 18 Mary's Villas, Prince Road, Lewisham; J. Murray, Crofthead, Ecclefechan, N.B.; M. A. Grettan, 71 Derby Road, Burton-on-Trent; A. Wright, Brudary, Wadhurst, Sussex; J. B. Greenway, 165 Clough Road, Sheffield; F. H. Hole, 83 Portland Place, Regent Street, W.; A. Sturrock, Wharf Road, Dundee; J. Mathews, 3 Beech Street, Cheetham, Manchester; W. Pearson, 8 Cornwall Road, South Hackney, N.E.; W. G. Hick, Fulford, York; A. Baye, Dudley House, 35 Barry Road, East Dulwich; ——Spittals, London Road, Newcastle, Staffordshire; C. E. Fletcher, 38 Hagley Road, Birmingham; Sergt. G. Mould, R.A., Shotncliffe, Kent; Maud Singer, 4 Market Street, Hoylake, Cheshire; W. R. Crowell, 11 West Street, Colchester; G. E. Elliott, 4 Sidney Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne; E. J. Stacey, 12 King Street, Dover; S. E. Williams, 91 Welsh Street, Denton, Manchester; H. Gardner, 30 Drury Lane; J. H. Hall, New Street, Skipton-on-Stow; G. Parris, 2 River Terrace, St. Neots, Hunts; N. Riches, 108 Old Palace Road, Norwich; R. Sutton, 2 Salisbury Road, Sugton, Essex; G. Hammond, 35 Glenfield Street, Glasgow; W. Morrison, Swalwell Station, County of Durham; E. Palmer, c/o Mr. J. Baker, 6 Oxford Terrace, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex; M. Davis, 47 Montague Road, Dalston, N.E.; Ethel Marsh, 73 Farwig, Bromley, Kent; J. Rankine, Constabulary Office, Rockford Street, Hamilton, N.B.; J. H. Ether, 16 Arden Street, Darlington; Thos. Foulkes, Spittals' London Road, near Newcastle, Staffordshire; Bertie Melton, 4 Wyndham Place, Canton, Cardiff; W. J. Barrett, 63 Tindal Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham; R. Hobley, care of Mr. Singer, High Street, Chippenham; T. D. Moran, H.M.S. *Leon*, Devonport; A. C. Sharpe, Post-office, Maidstone, Kent; W. J. Parker, Jun., 14 Thorn Street, Reading; W. Russell, 103 Richmond Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

A New Serial has just begun in "The Companion."

FAITHFUL.

One does not look for the whole truth upon a tombstone, but there are exceptions to all rules.

In an American cemetery is to be found the following unique and touching epitaph:—

Ann E.
Wife of John Walters.
Died Nov. 16, 1868, aged 68 years, 5 months.

She was a true and faithful wife to each of the following persons:

Enoch Francis.
John Sherman.
William Hassen.
J. Walters.

LITERAL.

It is a good thing for a boy to obey orders, but there is such a thing as interpreting them too literally. A certain milkman, who lives in the country town of L——, and collects milk from the neighbouring farmers, had in his employ a boy whom he sent about with a cart every morning picking up his supply. There is a rather dangerous railway crossing the road; and when the boy began to work for him, the milkman said:

"When there's a train coming, just stop and sit still in your cart until it gets by."

The boy went about his task, but instead of collecting the milk in about an hour and a half, as should have been done, he took at least two hours, and sometimes more.

The farmer grumbled a little, but the boy said nothing, and as he seemed honest, nothing was done.

One evening the milkman went out over his "collecting route" to see some of his customers.

"What ails that boy of yours?" asked one of the farmers.

"Why, nothing, only that he's rather slow, I think."

"Slow? Well, you'd think he was slow if you saw him resting for half an hour in his cart down here by the railway line every morning."

The milkman called the boy as soon as he reached home.

"Is it true that you stop half an hour every morning down at the railway line?" he asked.

"Generally I have to," said the boy.

"Have to! What do you mean?"

"Why, you told me when there was a train coming, to wait till it got by. Well, there's a crook in the line there, so't I never can see whether there's a train comin' or not. So I stop and wait till there's one goes by, and hen I go over."

DEAD TOWNS.

Dead towns are one of the curiosities of Colorado. I do not mean dead in the sense that business is dull, but dead in the sense that the towns are given over to utter desolation and decay. It is a startling experience in following some old trail in the mountains, to come suddenly on an empty town. Once, while climbing a high mountain, I was passing through the last strip of woods, at an altitude of about eleven hundred feet, when I came upon an abandoned mining camp. There was a long street of houses, all empty but one, from whose chimney the smoke was lazily rising.

That lone prospector, or stranded family, was holding the fort all alone, living on the memory of former days, and on the hope of still "striking it rich." A few years ago every house was crowded, saloons and dance-houses were in full blast; the streets were filled with a surging tide of excited men; building sites were sold at high prices; everything boomed. But suddenly everything collapsed; the tide receded, and the deserted houses were left to rot in summer rains or to be crushed by winter snows.

I remember a railway town from which all the people had moved away except a few discouraged ones, who were haunted by the thought of how wealthy they might have become if they had only put their money into Denver lands. The grass was growing in the streets; the church was deserted; there was no day school, the shops and saloons were nailed up.

I stood in the streets of that dead town and did what I have often done on the great plains and on the mountains—listened to the silence.

I passed through another town, in the very heart of the Rockies, that had been abandoned by all but one man. He was postmaster, held all the town and city offices, and was perfectly independent in that town of Independence. Houses can hardly be given away in such places.

Another town, that had been the country seat and the territorial capital, was not entirely abandoned; but it was sinking lower and lower, and was already a miserable wreck of a village, when one day a big railway came along and built some works there. Presto! What a change! A piece of land that had been bought for twelve shillings was sold for two hundred pounds.

THEIR PETITION.

When several persons combine in an effort to obtain desired privileges they are usually successful. There lies great virtue in numbers. Elsie, a little London girl, was delighted with the prospect of a trip to Wales, and it never occurred to her that all her twelve dolls were not to go too.

"Tell me where they're to be packed, mamma," she said, "and I'll put them in. They mustn't be rumpled and tumbled."

"Elsie, dear," said mamma regretfully, but firmly, "I really can't allow you to take all that set of dolls. You may have two, any two you like, but there I draw the line. Twelve dolls are quite unnecessary."

Elsie made no reply, but went quietly on, altering a skirt for Lady Ethelinda, the prettiest one of the waxen and china-faced family.

Later in the day, when her mother entered the room devoted to packing, she saw a curious sight. Supported against a trunk sat a row of dolls in travelling costume, as far as they could manage such, and above their heads was pinned a large placard bearing the words, "We are waiting to be packed."

What mother could resist the united appeal of a dozen dolls? Not this one, and to Wales the twelve went.

A PLUCKY SINGER.

Fifty years ago European audiences listened with rapt attention to Rubini, a tenor, of whom it is said that, though he himself could not act, he made his voice act for him. The intensity of expression he gave to his voice, the judicious use of the tremolo, and the management of light and shade produced a thrilling effect. But his great vocal feat consisted in taking the B-flat of the upper stave without preparation, sustaining it for a long time, and then letting it imperceptibly die away. The listeners could hardly believe their ears.

The adventurous are always on the edge of danger. On one occasion Rubini, after repeating this vocal feat, and being a second time encored, found himself unable to produce the expected note. Determined not to fail, he gathered up his vocal strength and made a supreme effort. The note came with its wonted power, brilliancy, and duration, but at the cost of a broken collar-bone.

A surgeon examined the singer, and found that the tension of the lungs had been too powerful for the strength of his collar-bone. Two months' rest would be required to re-unite the clavicle; and this the singer declared to be impossible, as he had only finished a few days of a long engagement.

"Can I sing at all with a broken collar-bone?" he asked.

"Yes; it will make no difference in your voice," answered the surgeon. "But you must avoid lifting heavy weights and any undue exertion; above all, you must leave the B-flat alone."

Rubini continued to sing with a broken clavicle until the termination of his engagement.

THE CHEEKIEST STREET ARABS.

The Roman street gamin is a marvellous little fellow; a combination of gentility and vulgarity, condescending hauteur and restless vivacity.

His method of living takes the most primitive form. Early in the morning he rises, ignores any pretence at toilet, and sallies forth in search of a breakfast.

This meal he usually obtains in anything but an upright manner. Every day a number of herdsmen enter the city, each driving a flock of goats, from which he obtains milk as it is required by the customers.

When the goatherd leaves his animals, to make a call, the arab darts out from a shady nook, and enjoys his breakfast by lying beneath a goat and extracting the milk as though he were a kid.

Thus refreshed, he begins the toils of the day. Armed with a tray containing newspapers, pins, lottery tickets, fans, or busts of eminent men, he cries his wares in a voice that would shame the most vociferous London street hawker. If he is an enterprising youngster he will put the names of his goods into rhyme and sing the resulting doggerel to a popular air.

Those who are absolutely penniless resort to begging as a means of livelihood, and no beggars on earth possess one iota of the quiet impudence and business-like method exhibited by these youthful vagrants in the carrying out of their profession.

When I was in Rome a few years ago, the street gamins had a peculiar fascination for me, and I made a careful study of their ways.

Not only do they spot a foreigner immediately he makes his appearance in the street, but their marvellous instinct enables them to take his chief characteristics in at a glance and to tackle him accordingly.

My first encounter with one of these little fellows occurred soon after landing from the steamer. I got a cab, and drove to the hotel. On presenting the driver with his legal fare he asked for a tip. This I refused to allow, and was arguing the question forcibly with the man, when a small voice said at my elbow:

"Sixty centimes is the fare, signor. The man tries to impose upon you."

I turned, and a little ragamuffin of seven years looked up into my face.

"A soldo, signor," he asked as a fee for his services. He got the money and darted away just as the irate cabman's whip descended on the spot where he had been.

In the evening I took a stroll through the town. Two minutes after I left the shelter of the hotel a small vagabond of about five years bounded towards me.

"Si, signor, you are quite right. This is the road to the Vatican and St. Pietro. Give me a soldo!"

I looked at the urchin. I admired his smartness. His very impudence gained him the money, and he disappeared.

I had not gone a dozen steps before another youngster was at my side.

"Oh, signor, you are going to lose your handkerchief."

As this was really the case, my gratitude fell on the boy in the shape of a small coin.

These were certainly wonderful boys, I thought, so remarkably ingenious, so genuinely poor, so obviously illiterate, yet withal so polite and obliging.

And as I walked along a small bootblack, who could not have been more than five years of age, bore down upon me, waving his brushes wildly:

"Your boots, signor, your boots!"

As a matter of fact my boots were by no means dirty, yet this youngster had the audacity to attack me in this way. His conduct irritated me, and with a flourish of the hand I signified my disapproval of his conduct.

"But, my lord, such boots!" he exclaimed reprovingly, trotting along by my side. "Oh, Dio Mio! what nasty boots! Oh, Holy Mother! What boots! I really pity you, sir. Indeed, such boots. I am really sorry for you."

But I was inexorable; and when the sympathetic appeal failed to convince me of the state of my leather, he fell a few steps behind and changed tactics.

"Just look at that Englishman!" he called to the passers by. "One can always tell an Englishman by his dirty boots."

What could I do but let him have the job?

When two arabs quarrel, they don't set to and fight it out after the fashion of the British species. The object of each disputant is to destroy the stock-in-trade of the other, and to afterwards bestow a conscientious thrashing upon his adversary.

At night these poor little beggars, most of them orphans, seek the shelter of the pillars which surround ancient buildings, the church portals, the recesses about chapels, or the niches of numberless saints. All these odd places serve as night lodgings for the homeless waifs, and in the mild atmosphere, under the cloudless Italian sky, they form by no means bad sleeping quarters.

We know an old maid who says it's bad enough for the men to get married, without idiots of women imitating them.

A subscriber asks if we can recommend a cheap and popular watering place. Certainly. Just let us know where it is, and we'll recommend it. That's the kind we approve of.

A composer has set the sounds of Niagara Falls to music. The next thing we know some fiend will set the noise of a boiler-shop to music, and distribute it through organs of Italian descent. And then there will be blood spilt.

With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano and sang, "Call me your darling again." But he refused, as there were witnesses about, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach of promise suit these days.

Art, Beautiful Art!—Dealer: "Got that bust thrown on yer hands? Don't wonder at it. Yer busts want dignity, Smalt, and yer pictures lacks mellerness and bloom. Tell yer what; cut horf them whiskers, chop horf that under-lip, batter the nose, pour hacid all over the bust, and bury it in the garden for a month; I may be able to work it as a Ancient Roman. You'd better rub that landscape all over with brown and plenty of varnish, and put it up the kitchen-chimney for a few weeks. I shouldn't wonder if I got rid of it as a Nicholas Van Boomer. Shall I write yer a check now, say two pound ten for the pair?"

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Forty-six Complete Stories and Articles.
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QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1300. Are all Known Substances Porous?

There are two kinds of porosity, physical and sensible. The first is universal and follows directly from the molecular theory of the constitution of matter. As the molecules move round each other, and also on their own axes, there must be space between them, and therefore the body is porous. The second kind of porosity is not universal, though nearly so. The exceptions are glass and precious stones of the crystalline variety, such as diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc. These have resisted all attempts to pass even gases through them, while water, and even mercury, have been forced through plates of the hardest and densest metals. That liquids are porous is shown by the fact that a mixture of water and alcohol occupies less space than the two liquids do separately. In other words, the alcohol goes "inside" the water to a certain extent.

1301. A Weighted String will Eat Through a Bar of Ice and yet Not Divide It. How is this explained?

Because ice melts under pressure, the resultant water freezing again the moment the pressure is relieved if the surrounding temperature is at or below 32° F. Thus, while the bar of ice is being gradually melted under the pressure of the weighted string, the water so produced (which, on account of the weight, lies of necessity above the string) is at the same rate being formed again into ice, owing to the temperature of the bar itself.

1302. Which of the great English Writers has done most towards putting the Language into a permanent Form?

This is hardly a question which can be directly answered by the mention of a single name, for the English language is a complex organic growth, and not the work of any writer or group of writers. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, Chaucer had done for English what Dante did for Italian. He made the East Midland dialect the language of England, and decided the struggle between Norman-French and Saxon in favour of a blend, which contained three-fifths Saxon, one-fifth Latin, and one-fifth French. Still, Chaucer's English is not the English of to-day, and with him literature died for nearly a hundred years. Indeed, English poetry only revived two hundred years later, when Spencer wrote the "Faerie Queene," in a language that was a great improvement upon Chaucer's. Three years later, the Shakespearean star rose and eclipsed all others; but even now we need glossaries to Shakespeare. To none of these, therefore, can we look for the man who made English permanent, but rather to William Tyndale, who crystallised English, practically as we speak it, in the Bible between [illegible] and [illegible]. The English of the Bibles that he smuggled into England from Hamburg has become the language of this country, just as the High German, which Luther used for a similar purpose, has become the language of all educated Germany. The Authorised Version of 1611 was either copied verbatim from Tyndale, or written in the English that he had used. Its vocabulary consists of six thousand words, and of these only two hundred and fifty have become obsolete in nearly three centuries. Added to this, the language of the Bible is still the language of ordinary speech, and is likely to remain so for a long time to come.

1303. Which Scientific Discovery has Added Most to the Wealth of the World?

The discovery, not of steam itself, for that was known ages before the world derived a pennyworth of benefit from it, but of the principle of condensation which made the cylinder engine possible. It is this which differentiates the steam-engine, which to-day does the work of millions of men and horses, from the toys which amused the curiosity of Hero and his friends in Alexandria, or the Marquis of Worcester in later times. In one form or another the steam-engine does nine-tenths of the physical work of the world, and as no wealth, in the proper sense of the word, can exist until work has turned raw material into the manufactured article, it may be fairly said that nine-tenths of the present wealth of the world is due to the discovery of that principle of condensation which made the steam-engine possible.

1304. Has the Guillotine ever been Legally and Regularly Used in this Country?

Yes, in Scotland a machine called the Maiden, to all intents and purposes a guillotine, was used during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Morton, the Regent—who lost his own head on it—appears to have got his idea of it from the Halifax gibbet, which contained all the essential elements of Dr. Guillotin's alleged invention. How long it had been in use when it was abolished in 1724 is not known, but it had certainly been used for more than a hundred years, and in accordance with the so-called "gibbet law," which ordained that any person convicted of the theft of cloth or other goods to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny should be decapitated by it on the market-day following his offence or capture. Gibbet Hill, the place of the guillotine, and Gibbet Lane, the road leading to it, are still current names in Halifax topography.

1305. Which Single Tree, or Plant, can be put to the most Varied Uses?

That species of palm which bears the cocoa-nut. It is said that the articles derived from the cocoa-nut palm can be put to some three hundred separate uses. This is perhaps an over-estimate, but not a very serious one, as the following list of derivatives from the various parts of the tree and its fruit will show. Every part of a house from roof to foundation; baskets; fans; hats; oars; coir-fibre—yielding mats, ropes, cables, brushes, brooms, hats, and stuffing for cushions and mattresses; goblets; spoons; lamps, and pipe-bowls; tooth-powder; lamp-black; combs; candles; sweetmeats; palm-oil; stearine; arrack, distilled from the sap; tappa-cloth; canoes; paddles; and all kinds of barbaric weapons. Kava, from the meat of the nut; an eye-wash from the milk, which cures ophthalmia; roots which serve the same purpose as the areca nut; and an astringent medicine distilled from its fibres. It will of course be seen that many of these articles have several uses.

1306. Which Animal, during Life and after, serves the greatest Number of useful Purposes?

The cow. From this animal, while alive, we obtain milk, which may be regarded as a typical form of food. Milk produces cream, from which butter is made, and milk, with the addition of rennet (a substance got from the calf), is made into cheese. In some countries the cow takes the place of the horse, draws the plough, and acts otherwise as a beast of burden. After death not one single part of the animal is wasted. The flesh forms a staple article of food. The blood is used by sugar refiners, and for various commercial purposes. The hair, scraped from the hide, is mixed with plaster to make it adhere more firmly to the walls and ceilings of rooms; while the hide itself is tanned into leather. The solid tips of the horns are used for knife-handles and buttons; and the other portions for combs, spoons, drinking-cups, shoe-lifts, etc. The shin and buttock-bones make good handles for table-knives and forks, tooth-brushes, etc. Other of the bones are distilled in large retorts for the manufacture of sal ammoniac. The bone-ash left after this manufacture is used by sugar refiners to take the colour out of the syrup, and so produce white sugar. The hollow shank bones are boiled (alone), as they yield the finest fat. This fat, along with the finer fats in the body, is largely used in the manufacture of butterine; while the coarser fats are used in the manufacture of candles and soap. From the hoofs and waste parts of the horns glue is made. The entrails, after being properly cleaned, are used as casings for sausages, and the finer parts for gold-beaters' skin; while the contents of the stomach, and the refuse from the bones, are utilised in the manufacture of artificial manures.

1307. Which is the most Nourishing Single Substane known?

The most nourishing substance may be defined as that which is most easily digested and which will support and repair the waste of the body with the greatest ease and by the use of the smallest quantity of it. Now, the smallest quantity of any substance on which a grown man can perform a full day's work without losing flesh is twenty-three ounces, which should be divided as nearly as possible as follows: Salts, one ounce; fats, three and a half ounces; albumens, four and a half ounces; carbo-hydrates, fourteen ounces. Analysis shows that twenty-three ounces of oatmeal contain these elements more nearly in the above proportions than any other simple food-stuff, and the lesson of analysis is borne out by the experience of those people, particularly the Scotch, who live almost entirely upon oatmeal, and bear great fatigue and climatic stress, and are also above the average of men in height and physical strength; therefore to oatmeal must be given the credit of being the most nourishing single substance known.

1308. Which Scientific or Exploring Expedition has produced the Greatest Practical Results?

So far as actual practical results as regards trade and commerce and general enlightenment go, the honour would appear to be about equally divided between the expedition under Columbus, which led to the discovery of America, and that under Vasco de Gama, which discovered the road to the East round the Cape of Good Hope. It should be remembered that Columbus did not set out to discover a new world, but to find a new way to an old one—viz., India, which he thought he had reached when he touched at the Bahamas. America proper was discovered by Sebastian Cabot. The commercial and political results of the two expeditions can now hardly be appreciated. The Asiatic trade, conducted for centuries by the Black and Caspian Seas and camel caravans beyond them, and also through the Syrian and Egyptian ports, and by the Arabian Sea, was practically destroyed, and Venice and Genoa ruined. The whole front of Europe was changed, and maritime power passed from its ancient home on the Mediterranean to the Atlantic coast. An immediate consequence was the series of maritime wars out of which England rose supreme, and the sceptre of the world was transferred from Catholic to Protestant hands. No such consequences as these ever followed from any other expedition ever undertaken.

1311. Which British Author has gained the greatest Fame by the smallest amount of Literary Work?

As long as the English language remains readable in its present form, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will stand first in its own department of poetry. Wherever English is spoken, it is known. It has been translated into every civilised modern language, and into Hebrew, Greek, and Latin as well. The most accomplished critic can find no fault with it, and yet its pathos appeals irresistibly to the humblest understanding. Had Thomas Gray never written another word, the hundred and twenty-six lines of the Elegy would still have given him the world-wide and perennial fame that he possesses as its author. Gray is the only man in the front rank of literature whose fame depends upon a single poem, although in justice it ought to be added that the Rev. Charles Wolfe, an Irish clergyman, contributed to the columns of a local paper a poem of thirty-two lines, which, though in no sense comparable with the Elegy, has yet enjoyed an immense amount of popularity, which however is now somewhat on the wane. This was the ode descriptive of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," which Bryon described as "little inferior to the best ode his age had brought forth."

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1341. In which profession or branch of skilled labour have women made the greatest advance in late years?

1342. What is the average working life of iron and wooden seagoing ships respectively?

1343. Why does water freeze more quickly after it has been boiled?

1344. Is it true that whirlwinds and waterspouts always rotate in one direction south of the Equator, and in an opposite direction north of it?

1345. Which civilised country has been most frequently reigned over by queens during the last thousand years?

1346. Other things being equal, what are the relative chances of a boy and a girl becoming a criminal in Britain?

1347. Do the inhabitants of hot or cold countries bear extreme cold the better?

1348. Atmospheric air has lately been liquified. Suppose the whole atmosphere could be liquified, how thick a layer would it form round the globe.

1349. Is there any metal that has never been melted?

1350. How fast is dynamite consumed during explosion?

ESTABLISHED 1871.

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THE "OCEAN" GUARANTEES PEARSON'S WEEKLY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

ROSES.

I.—THE POET'S VIEW.

Red and white and yellow,
Breathing airy spice,
Fragile, dewy, lissome,
Birds of Paradise:
Damosels of beauty,
Graceful and petite,
Sculptured by the breezes,
Frolicsome and sweet.

II.—THE MAIDEN'S VIEW.

Aromatic, creamy,
Delicate and fair,
For the golden meshes
Of a beauty's hair:
Jewels of the sunshine,
Fairies of the green,
Just too sweet when painted
On a tambourine.

III.—THE GROWER'S VIEW.

Pile the coal on, Billy,
Force along the buds,
While we are perspiring
In our winter duds.
Box them quick and careful
Make the cash increase:
The best are only fetching
Seven pence a-piece.

HE RAISED THE BID.

"I WONDER why it is," asked a physician the other day "that nothing so surely provokes a laugh as a fall? I have noticed it on the stage as well as the street. Now there is nothing funny about a person falling down, since it is certain to inflict a jar on the nervous system, and may result in a permanent injury."

"I will explain the mystery," said his friend. "A fall arouses laughter because it is unexpected, and therefore ludicrous. If a man could descend to the pavement slowly, as a feather floats downwards, there would be time for the mind to prepare for the shock, and the element of the ludicrous would disappear."

This is true of all humour; unpremeditated or unconscious wit being always most keenly enjoyed. An apt illustration of this principle occurred during an auction sale the other day.

The room was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art, and *bric-à-brac* being unusually choice the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale, a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation.

Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his little hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocket-book containing three hundred pounds. He offers fifty pounds for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair, and cried excitedly, "I'll give you one hundred."

ELECTION-DAY IN GREECE.

"ELECTION DAY" is an exciting one in Greece. The election occurs every four years. For a week previous to the polling all the men and boys are parading the streets, headed by a band. The Greeks are blessed with most powerful lungs, and their shouts of "Viva!" fairly drown the braying of the donkeys.

The voting takes place in the churches on Sunday, consequently the customary service is dispensed with. In the church to which an American gentleman succeeded in finding access, there were ranged about the church forty-two boxes, that being the number of the candidates.

These boxes were sometimes the shape of a tea-box, one-half painted white, with "Yes" on it, and the other half black with "No" on it.

The tubes projected from the front outward. Looking through these tubes, one could see that the boxes were divided into two compartments. Beside each box stood a representative of the candidate, and over the box appeared the candidate's picture. Each voter, as he entered the church, had his name and address registered, and a check given him. The above-mentioned representative then gave the voter a bullet, or vote, made of lead.

Formerly the dishonest voter would slip another bullet up his coat-sleeves, and as he raised his arm to the tube the bullet would roll down, and two votes instead of one be cast; but the representative now watches to prevent cheating. Negative votes as well as affirmative must also be cast; that is, if a voter objects to a candidate he must cast a negative bullet. The voter, of course, casts one vote at each box, or forty-two in all.

EDIBLE DOGS.

THE Chinese edible dog is destined from the beginning for the table. Like the edible "rat" of the same country, he is fed mainly upon vegetable food, which is often delicately prepared, and specially devised in order to give the dog's flesh a peculiar flavour and aroma.

The result is something quite different from the flesh of the ordinary dog of the Western world, which feeds generally in a very miscellaneous way, and never with a view to the suitability of his flesh for human consumption.

The genuine Chinese edible dog is known by his bluish-black tongue, which is a peculiar mark of his variety. In his infancy and early youth the dog's tongue is red; and upon reaching maturity and the edible age, it suddenly becomes black, sometimes within a single fortnight.

Another peculiarity of this dog is his lack of the barking faculty. It is said that the dog can bark, and on occasions does so; but these occasions are rare. Ordinarily he is entirely taciturn.

ABATING A NUISANCE.

SOME years ago the good folk of Shenstone, Staffordshire, were much scandalised by a number of young men assembling at the principal entrance of the church on Sundays to amuse themselves by making remarks upon the persons and dresses of every girl and woman as she entered the church. One day the following notice was posted throughout the village:—

"Wanted, about twenty young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall dandy, with hair enough on his upper lip to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little humped-backed, freckle-faced, bow-legged, carrotty-headed upstart.

"The object is to form a gaping corps to be in attendance at the church doors, on each Sabbath, before the commencement of Divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make gentlemanly remarks on their person and dress.

"All who wish to enlist in the above corps will appear at the church doors next Sunday morning as usual, when they will be duly inspected and their names, personal appearance, amount of brains, etc., registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in handbills to be distributed all over the parish. To prevent a general rush, it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above that of a well-bred donkey."

The nuisance troubled church-goers no more.

A SOCIETY OF MURDERERS.

THE Mafia is a secret organisation composed almost entirely of Sicilians, and was founded by an Italian cut-throat named Mafia, at Palermo, a hundred years ago. The members are for the most part criminals and counterfeiters, and hesitate at no atrocity. The inhuman cruelty of some of the Mafia agents is almost beyond human credence, and savours of the brutal barbarity of the Middle Ages.

The first that was really known of the Order was at the beginning of the present century in the town of Silinin, Sicily, where a family of nine, named Giavanni, of considerable social position, were murdered in as many weeks.

The father went first, being found dead at his very door-step. Seven days later the mother followed. Her dead body was found almost in the same place as that of her husband.

The authorities were unsuccessful in tracing the murderer or murderers, and several days afterwards the bodies of the two eldest children were found dead in bed. The others followed in regular order until the family was completely annihilated.

A bad character of the town, named Sipoli, was arrested on suspicion and confessed. He revealed the existence of the Order, and said that Giavanni and his family had incurred the anger of the band by betraying a criminal who was a Mafia to the authorities.

Sipoli had been instructed among others to commit the murder. He was tried, and although the best counsel was employed to defend him on a plea of insanity by the Mafia, he was convicted, and sent to prison for life.

Several witnesses for the prosecution were afterwards murdered by the Mafia. The Government, becoming aware of the lawless nature of the organisation, at once took measures to have it suppressed, but the efforts proved futile. La Mafia continued to grow.

A police officer, in 1863, in Milan, discovered a mark by which a member of La Mafia could be known. It consisted of a small scar, immediately under the ear, caused by burning. In this way great numbers of criminals were afterwards run down and brought to justice. The society then gave up the mark, and the police officer, one year after, was found dead, stabbed to the heart.

La Mafia is a modern organisation based on mediæval sentiment. It is related to the Camorra, of Naples. It is a society confined, not to Italians, but to Sicilians, the baser kind of Greeks, who bring their national customs, their secret societies, and traditions of murder with them.

If a Sicilian believes that he can provide for the protection of his person and property without having recourse to law, that person is a Mafiosa. He may be a bully, a blackmailer, a murderer, but in whatever he does the public opinion of Sicily supports him still. The code of ethics which maintains his is called "omerta," or manliness.

Not long ago a wealthy man was driving to his home in the neighbourhood of Palermo. Six bullets whizzed by him. None of them hit him. No complaint was made to the police. Yet within a few months everybody who had taken part in the attempted assassination was himself assassinated. A Mafia had attacked a Mafiosa. The latter was more powerful than his assailants.

Sicilians justify these crimes. Everybody knows the authors, yet nobody interferes. Said a guide of a recent traveller in Sicily: "Yonder home belongs to a most respectable man—a highly respectable man, sir. The other day he killed his cook. One of the most respectable men in these parts, sir."

Murder is the corner-stone of the social fabric of Sicily: A Sicilian wishes to sell a farm. A Copo Mafia wishes to buy it. Nobody dares to bid against him. If anybody is so foolhardy he would be shot the next day from behind a wall or the corner of a house.

If a Copo Mafia stands for the Mayoralty of a village nobody stands against him. He invariably has a unanimous election. His hands may be red with a dozen murders and his pockets filled with blackmail.

Not a servant can be discharged without reference to the unseen Mafia. The Mafiosi rule their district as despots. If they have rivalries the knife decides it. The Camorrista of Naples lives in Italy, and this, just as the Mafiosi of Sicily.

The political power of the Camorrais is broken, yet it maintains an underground existence, and has three grades. A novice in the first grade is called "Gazzone di Malavita" (a youth of bad life.) The more advanced pupil is styled "Picciotto di Agarro." The finished pupil is the Camorrista.

The novice marks out the victim, follows him, and plays detective on him. The Picciotto is initiated into the secrets of the confraternity. He merely gets a handful of sous from the Camorrista. He lives in hopes of reaching the third grade, and some day, by means of an artistic stab or unusually long term in prison, he is advanced to the sacred band. He takes the oath on crowned knives with his hands immersed in his own blood. He is then licensed to murder whomsoever he pleases.

A SLEEPER is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

Fifty-four claims have been paid.

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£10 *will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.*

£5 *will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg while engaged in playing Football, or while Cycling.*

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This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

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*Signature*_____

(See column 3, page 507.)

Available from the morning of February 18th, 1893, till midnight, February 25th, 1893.

See how many Accident Insurance Claims we have paid.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

Chalk Marble. EXPERIMENTING with chalk, a certain Mr. Joannis has discovered that if it is subjected to intense heat under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres it can be made to resemble marble. It is then capable of being polished and used in the arts.

A Simplicity Brake. A CERTAIN Mr. James Upton, of America, has invented a most ingenious brake for vehicles. A spring attachment is connected with the carriage in such a manner, that, as soon as the brake is applied, the spring is wound up and held wound. When the bottom of the hill is reached, this stored energy can be released and transmitted to assist in carrying the vehicle over the next hill.

Beauty Hacks. NATURE has been unusually thoughtful out in Algeria in supplying man with the luxuries of life. Among other desirable products, there is a certain steel-like grass which grows on the volcanic slopes of Oran, and which is so extraordinarily elastic and supple that the furniture manufacturers out there use it in making chairs and sofas, instead of the ordinary wire spring. It certainly does sound more spring-like to sit on grass than wire, I must say.

State Cards. THE United States Government owns the most uncanny pack of cards in the world. The members of the Senate never play with them; not even a friendly game of poker between times. The cards fell into the hands of the United States army when they captured a detachment of Apaches, which accounts to a certain extent for their grotesque shape. They are made of fried and preserved human skin, that at one time was white. Of course they will be on show at Chicago.

Getting Up in the Morning. MESSRS. J. W. BASTARD AND SON write to inform me they have invented a clock which will assist in this irksome process. It is an ordinary clock with a twenty-four hour wheel, carrying a large plate or disc of non-magnetic material, in which are inserted ninety-six electric wires, one for each quarter, day or night. If an electric bell is fitted in any room, it can be connected with the clock's wires, so as to ring at any desired time. The address of the manufacturers is 309 Upper Street, Islington.

The Ice Crop. THERE has been a very good crop of ice this year on the Hudson River. In fact, it promises to be one of the best harvests they have ever had. The ice which begins some sixty miles north of New York city is ten inches thick, and the blocks are quite transparent. It is even possible to read an American newspaper through them, which is saying a good deal when you take into consideration the execrable printing which is put up with over there. Somewhere about 4,000,000 tons of ice are expected to be gathered from the river.

Indiarubber Curtains. ARE now being turned out. At least that is what they are called. As far as the actual process of manufacture goes there are several other ingredients used besides pure rubber. I might mention five per cent. of pulverised fruit stones, five per cent. of wool dust, five per cent. of bleached leather waste, and many other insignificant little items which go to make up these curtains. There is, however, seventy-five per cent. of genuine indiarubber in the material by the time it is complete.

A Boon for Cyclists. THERE are times when nearly every cyclist finds it convenient to ride in trousers instead of knickerbockers. On such occasions I have no doubt that the new Tytum trouser clips would come in useful. They consist of a thin, white metal band some six inches long, and connected at one end to a spiral spring which is to be passed round the leg and then secured to the opposite end of the flexible band. They are highly finished and plated, forming a very useful as well as ornamental accessory to cyclists. They can be obtained from A. E. Beck, 115 Cannon Street, London.

A Dangerous Storm is reported to have occurred in Texas recently. Hail fell with extraordinary fury, some of the lumps of ice being from three to six inches in diameter. One of them, which was captured and taken indoors by some enterprising individual and placed on the kitchen scales, weighed four pounds. The majority of the stones were oval, but some were great flat blocks. They fell in small areas, some two feet apart as a rule, although here and there one only would come crashing down in a space twenty feet square. One of the most remarkable features of this storm was that many of the hailstones that were examined were found to have particles of dirt in the centre. Where they came from and how they got there is a question that remains unanswered.

A Swaying Mountain. FUJIMAN is the name of one of the most famous of the many volcanoes in the islands of Japan and Kurile. It stands 12,400 feet above the sea level, and such a vast mound as this naturally suggests a considerable amount of stolidity. However, a certain professor who has recently completed some experiments he has been making at the summit of this mountain, has come to the conclusion that the great monster is actually swayed by the wind. Report does not say whether the enterprising searcher after knowledge was overcome by the oscillations. This has been left for the imagination.

The Crypto. A MOST ingenious and clever invention has been forwarded for my inspection by Mr. R. Harte, of 13 Katherine Street, Croydon, Surrey. He had christened it the Crypto. It is a contrivance by which any communication can be disguised in a cypher, with a minimum of trouble, and without any complication whatever. Unquestionably it will prove an immense boon to men of business and others, who find it convenient to send confidential and secret despatches, which they can rest assured will never be deciphered without the aid of the key. Price, per pair, 10s. Single Cryptos, 6s.

For Violinists. A NEAT little novelty is the Reform Violin Bow Holder, which hopes some day to find a home in every fiddle case. It is a well-known fact that the old-fashioned button was liable to get loose in the course of time, thus permitting the bow to get out of place, and as often as not to damage the face of the instrument. The advantages of the new catch are that its ebony top cannot be moved except by the fingers when once it has been twisted cross-wise over the bow. When removing or replacing the bow the top automatically locks itself parallel with the metal bottom on which it turns, thus preventing the hairs of the bow from being broken. The price is 1s. 3d., and 2d. extra for postage, from 132 Kirkgate, Leeds. The inventor's name is M. Cohen

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

THE Czarowitch received his education mainly from an Englishman, Mr. Charles Heath.

THE Prince of Wales always remains faithful to special brands of almost everything he partakes of, more especially, as is natural, where wines and spirits are concerned, but he will not allow himself to be used as an advertisement, and this is why we never see a certain claret and champagne labelled as being "the only sort ever drunk by his Royal Highness."

SARA BERNHARDT is of Dutch-Jewish extraction. Although no actress was ever more inspired, she leaves nothing to inspiration, and always declares that she owes most of her success to her infinite capacity for taking pains. She studies everywhere—in the madhouse cell, in the hospital ward, and in the Morgue itself when she desires to simulate death. Every one of her gestures is studied and composed before a mirror in her own little room, and she takes as much trouble over designing a shoe sandal as over the handsomest gown or piece of jewellery.

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN has a very gracious personality, and is immensely popular in Paris, the city of her adoption. She is not at all unlike, in personal appearance and manner, to the Duchess of Teck, and no great popular gathering is considered complete without her.

Although very stout, and with no vestige of the dark-eyed piquante beauty which she possessed as a girl, she yet dresses with good judgment and taste, and is devoted to expensive and gorgeous furs, her winter cloaks being almost always trimmed with sables, whilst her bonnets and caps are always made up of rare lace with a view to giving an impression of a Spanish mantilla, for her love of her old kingdom has never varied.

PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN is a spruce, gentlemanly-looking man, just thirty-four years of age. He is a captain in the Swedish navy, and his marriage with Miss Ebba Munck unfortunately deprived him, both by Swedish law and a Royal decree, of succession to the throne and other Royal rights. His romantic marriage was at one time the talk of Europe. Miss Munck was Maid of Honour to the Queen, and of a deeply religious nature.

The Prince fell in love with her, and determined to marry her, and after much opposition carried out his wish at Bournemouth. They now live in a very quiet way in a pretty castle situated on a Norwegian fjord, and the Prince has certainly increased his popularity in his father's kingdom by his marriage with the lady of his heart.

THE Queen is fond of giving her great grandchildren splendid cradles as christening presents.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, the President of the Royal Academy, makes fifty black-and-white studies for every picture that he paints.

MR. J. P. HURST, the popular manager of the Lyceum Theatre, is one of the busiest men in London. His tiny office is crammed full of business letters and paper files, and seems too small to hold his rotund, prosperous presence. Mr. Hurst has been monarch of the Lyceum box office ever since Mr. Irving first took over the theatre, indeed, before, for when he first took up his station there the popular tragedian was only acting with the Bateman. He declares that each succeeding play beats all previous records of booking in the past. It goes without saying that he is devoted to his chief and to his theatre.

MARSHAL MCMAHON, former President of France, and Duke of Magenta, is writing his memoirs, but they will not be published till after his death. McMahon, although now a very old man, recalls the best type of Napoleonic officers. He is immensely proud of his Irish origin, and named his eldest son Patrick. Both he and his wife, who was one of the Empress Eugenie's most beautiful maids of honour, have always been more or less popular abroad, and although they left the Elysée heavily in debt, the Duke is said to have been, on the whole, the best President France has had since the Franco-Prussian war.

COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL is the greatest stump orator in the United States. Wit, brilliant fancy, great power of condensed and epigrammatic statement, and faultless elocution, are the qualifications which have kept him for ten years without a rival on the hustings of the Republican party.

He is also the favourite speaker of the Grand Army man of the North, and his speech at their rally in Indianapolis in 1880, shares with Lincoln's second inaugural address, the honours of latter day American political eloquence. Col. Ingersoll is a lawyer by profession, and has always posed as an ardent freethinker; but his private life is above reproach, and his disposition is very amiable. He was the intimate friend of Walt Whitman.

HELEN MATHERS paints passion with a poet's touch, and is at all times fascinating and womanly, both in prose and verse, for she takes rank equally as a poet and a novelist. Her first novel, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," published in 1875, when she was only twenty-three, immediately secured immense popularity.

In the following year she married Dr. Henry Reeves, the distinguished anatomist, and author of "Human Morphology," and other hopelessly learned works, who declares that writing a novel is more ticklish and requires more delicate dexterity than a surgical operation.

She has never written anonymously, or employed her pen in journalistic work of any kind, so that she never writes until she feels she has a tale to tell—which is seldom—and no inducement will make her take up her pen when she is not in the mood; yet she once wrote two three-volume novels in six months, and made £5,000 out of them.

She possesses a keen sense of the ridiculous, which, with a pretty wit and a ready tongue, make her a brilliant conversationalist; but being domestic-minded, she naturally prefers her own fireside to the giddy whirl of society, yet she is a most clever and charming woman, such as the giddy whirl would be glad to welcome.

THE London poor, and indeed the poor of all our great cities owe a great debt of gratitude to Lady Wolverton, the organiser and chief moving spirit of the Needlework Guild. Lady Wolverton, who is now a sweet-faced old lady, has been all her life a great invalid, and she beguiled the long hours spent on the sofa by working incessantly at useful garments which, at the end of every year, were distributed among her humbler neighbours.

One winter, some ten years ago, there was great distress in Dorsetshire, where Lord Wolverton's country seat is situated. Lady Wolverton found that she could not possibly get through all the work that was required; she therefore wrote to the local papers asking if various other ladies could help her, and at a small meeting held in her own drawing-room, the Guild, which now produces a quarter of a million garments every year, was founded.

Lady Wolverton is thoroughly practical, and her whole object has been to make the rules of the guild as simple as possible. Each member pledges herself to make at least two garments every year, but that is the minimum number. There is no subscription, and there are no office expenses, for the hon. secretaries do all the work of that kind. The garments are distributed all over the country without consideration of creed, only necessity. The Duchess of Teck and Princess May are members.

TWO MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

(TOTAL FIFTY-FOUR.)

MRS. ANNIE BROWN, 213 High Street, Bracebridge, Lincoln. Fell in street on January 13th. Arm broken. £5.

MR. H. B. BROWNE, 4 Hawk's Road, Norbiton, Surrey. Football, January 28th. Leg broken. £5.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. LXXVI.

M. TRICOUPIS,

Prime Minister of Greece.

Politics in Greece are, above all things, a question of "men, not measures," and the only subject of interest to the Greek world is whether M. Tricoupis is going to be in or out of power. He has a strange ascendancy over the people, all the more strange in view of their touchiness about the Greek nationality, and of the fact that he is more of an Englishman than a Greek in habits, manners, and appearance. In fact, it is one of the great taunts among his opponents to call "the Englishman"; but as these opponents also give him all manner of offensive names at the same time, from "foreigner" to "murderer" and "thief," no one pays very much attention to what they say.

Least of all M. Tricoupis. He is of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and does not care much what anybody says about him so long as he gets into office. Only once have I seen him at all betray his emotions. That was on the night of the poll last May. I found him in his study with the principal members of his committee tabulating the results as they came in.

He received me nervously, and spoke very quickly, in a somewhat shaky voice, very different from the calm, clear tones with which he ordinarily converses. It was a great victory, when only a little one had been looked for, and that, no doubt, after weeks of anxiety, upset him a good deal more than defeat would have done.

Even his usual very florid politeness was forgotten, and when, after he had shown me all the figures that had come in, I said, "I suppose I may now be permitted to offer you my congratulations," he only said nervously, "Yes, yes, yes!" and began to talk rapidly of something else.

He is a small man with rather a big head, of which the forehead is especially prominent; his nose and eyebrows stand out; and he is constantly playing with a big drooping moustache. He is exceedingly thin, and has great, consumptive-looking hollows in his cheeks, but, like many thin people, he possesses an immense amount of energy, and really nothing seems to tire out the wiry little man.

His house has every appearance of comfort, both outside and in. It is a big, square building, within easy reach of the King's palace, and is used as a political centre for his partisans. At all hours of the day and night, especially in the exciting times of an election, streams of people are constantly coming to M. Tricoupis' house to give and receive advice or encouragement.

He appears upon his balcony to address the mobs or witness their processions. You see all kinds of people at his house, from heavy burghers, dressed in the dull brown tweeds, which seem to have become the costume of almost every country, to occasional peasants from the highlands of the North of Greece in their old fashioned linen kilts, which are becoming constantly less common.

The rooms are kept filled with offerings from these humble admirers: honey of hymettus, flowers from peasant gardens, and other kinds of simple produce. Miss Tricoupis, the statesman's sister and housekeeper, receives all the visitors, knows exactly whom to flatter and whom to discourage, accepts the offerings, and decides which of the more favoured mortals shall be allowed to see her brother.

She is a stout, good-natured little woman, rather like the typical maiden aunt of a past generation, very English in appearance, with her corkscrew curls and old-fashioned cap. She is a most devout admirer of her brother, and has no patience with anybody who is not the same. She speaks English without a trace of foreign accent, and is always ready to extend a special welcome to any Englishman who may come to call.

I found the great man himself in his study, quite a contrast to the rather pretentious room where Miss Tricoupis holds her little Court. Everything is in scrupulous order; the bookshelves and Parliamentary papers are so well arranged that anything can be found at a moment's notice.

But there is a severe simplicity about the furniture and other arrangements, which suggests rather the home of a Spartan in the old days than that of a modern Greek. His desk is of the plainest, his armchairs are of the hardest horsehair, and there is not a trace of ornament of any kind about the room.

M. Tricoupis was no more anxious to speak about Greek politics than the readers of *P. W.* probably are to hear about them, and he preferred to talk over what there was to be seen and done in Athens and the neighbourhood. He told me a curious fact about the method of voting at elections now in use in Greece. Each candidate has a special urn, in which every voter must vote either "yes" or "no." Say there are ten members to be elected and thirty candidates, each voter must vote "yes" or "no" in each of the thirty urns in turn.

This leads to great confusion, for, although the voters most of them have a ticket of ten people to vote for, they will often vote "yes" for other candidates as well.

"This system," said M. Tricoupis, "is the only part of the constitution of the Ionian Isles which we adopted when we took them over from Great Britain."

"And how did the Ionian Isles get the custom?"

"They got it from the English, who probably derived it from their clubs."

After half an hour's conversation with M. Tricoupis it is difficult to understand how such a man can inspire enthusiasm in any large body of people. It is much the same question that one was always asking oneself about the late Mr. Parnell. He treats everybody with politeness, but gives them to understand that there is no disputing his wishes. He has not the charm of manner which one expects from a popular leader, but he has a certain amount of mysterious reserve, which is always more or less impressive.

The fact is, one has become accustomed to M. Tricoupis as the representative statesman of Greece. Almost ever since one can remember—although as a matter of fact he has not yet passed middle-age—he seems to have alternated with some one opponent, in and out of office, as regularly as the little man and the little woman in the old-fashioned barometer.

One thing that has helped him with European politicians has been his connection with journalism. He used at one time to write a good deal for The Times, and, by a few concessions, and not a little flattery, he has managed to get himself backed up consistently by that newspaper.

Somehow or other, he has attained to a considerable amount of celebrity, without ever having obtained any particular success. His most ambitious scheme was to get together a Balkan confederation, to arrange about the division of the Turkish dominions, if ever they came to be divided up. But he did not show himself a particularly astute diplomatist; and he had no sooner talked the whole matter over with M. Stambulov, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and laid before him all his plans, than that less scrupulous personage knocked all his schemes on the head by revealing them to the Sultan.

Neither is his financing particularly wonderful; indeed, it seems so far to have consisted in merely raising new loans in order to pay off the interest on the old. This has gone on all very well up to a certain point, and has enabled him to build ironclads, keep up a showy army and navy, and give Greece a fictitious importance in the councils of Europe. But after all it was a rather short-sighted policy and obviously could not go on for ever. Now the credit of Greece has come to an end, and it has become almost impossible for her to raise money even at the most exorbitant rate of interest.

The career of M. Tricoupis has not been a very varied one, save for the see-saw of going in and out of office. He comes of a family that took part in the Greek war of independence, and he clings to its traditions. He has more than once been implicated in attempts to stir up the Cretan to rebellion against Turkey. And his opponents complain that, having done so, he has not taken proper steps to back them up.

He has also been anxious to get up difficulties in Macedonia and other parts of the Turkish empire. This is probably not so much because he thinks it wise as because he thinks it necessary to his remaining in office.

The Greeks have a great and ineradicable prejudice against the Turks, and the one thing they insist upon is that Greek foreign affairs shall have for their object the annoyance of Turkey. To do Tricoupis justice, he probably does all he can in a quiet way to restrain the excesses, but he is at any rate obliged to profess jingoism in public and make extravagant speeches, at the same time that he is using his influence privately in a different direction.

He works probably harder than than any other political man in Europe. He has a great mania for doing nearly all his work himself, and only uses a secretary for purely mechanical work. Unlike most of his countrymen, he is a very early riser and, what is rarer still in Greece, he goes on working pretty well all the summer afternoons, when everybody else has got his blinds down and is enjoying a snooze. Nothing ever seems to tire him, and he never has had a serious illness.

Like Mr. Chamberlain, he boasts that he never takes exercise, nor ever walks a yard where it is possible to drive. Latterly he has acquired a stoop, and his face has become much more marked with wrinkles and lines of care. But he does not yet by any means look an old, or even an elderly, man. In fact, he is a great believer in his own good looks, and is for ever having his portrait painted or his photograph taken in some new pose.

He takes a quiet delight in the fulsome praise that is lavished upon him in his party newspapers, and he told me of an extravagant little biography that was being sold for a penny in large quantities in the streets of Athens. "I do not know who can have written it, but it struck me as very good," he said in comment.

Political campaigning in Greece is very different from what it is in this country. There are no set speeches, no solemn, sleepy public meetings, none of the decorum of our electioneering. It is more a question of shouting than of arguing, and the man whose partisans have the strongest lungs may generally rely upon victory.

Each party has its watchword. That of the Tricoupists is "The Olive." That of his opponents is "The Myrtle," or "The String," and at election time vast crowds, wearing those badges, promenade the streets, and shouting out their watchwords with the tiresome monotonous repetition of frogs croaking in a pond.

Of course occasionally a little oratory is had recourse to, but it is of the kind with which we are most familiar among the tub-thumpers of Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square, and aims at eloquence rather than polish.

Tricoupis himself is a good public speaker, but one rather of the English kind than of the Greek. If he were a Cabinet Minister over here, he would be much run after as an impressive speaker for public meetings in our great towns.

But in his own country they prefer something cheaper and less dignified. Their ideal of persuasiveness is a Cheap-Jack, not a Statesman. However, every now and then a concession is made to him, and he is allowed to hold a big public meeting and announce his views to the world at large. But what his followers prefer is that he should content himself with appearing in public, either standing on his balcony or driving round the streets of Athens, while they keep shouting, "Olive! Olive! Olive!" and wave their boughs in the air.

It is curious to notice how absolutely he is leader of his own party, with no one to venture upon any interference or criticism. In fact, he chooses his colleagues, not so much for their ability as for their good discipline, and they are really little more than a set of intelligent clerks, who understand exactly how to give effect to his wishes.

So much is this the case that no one has ever thought of any one of them more than another in the light of a possible successor. From the way in which he has thus contrived to make himself supreme in his own party, and to keep so, he must be considered undoubtedly a remarkable man, and one whose personality has affected his generation more than it is given to that of most statesmen to do.

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Oh, yes; that's where I got acquainted with him."

A quarryman said he couldn't see any danger in smoking while he was handling powder. He can't see anything now.

Friend: "You have only been married two weeks, and you are fighting already, I hear."

Mrs. Young: "Yes, life's too short to waste any time. I ought to have tackled him two weeks ago."

Rev. Longneck: "Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon."

Little Tommy: "Put the clock right behind the pulpit, pa."

Grace, aged five, had noticed that mamma said "Will," when addressing papa, and that the servant said "Mr." Thinking this formality had continued long enough, she cried out one day, "Katie, how long will you have to know papa before you call him Will?"

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available from the morning of Feb. 18th, 1893, until Midnight, Feb. 25th, 1893. (See column 3, page 507.)

If you know an interesting fact about "The Sea and its Wonders," you have a chance of making money by sending it to "The Companion."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

A CONTINUED story is rendered the more readable by "leaving off in an interesting place," but this very common literary procedure may be overdone. One instalment of a story recently published in a French newspaper, for instance, ended in the following startling way:

"Upon hearing this, the young girl, rendered hopeless and indifferent to the world, allowed herself to fall negligently from the fifth-storey window.

"(To be continued next week.)"

This situation was evidently borrowed from a continued story once written by Artemus Ward, entitled "The Fair Inez." In it the heroine was left, at the end of one instalment of the story, falling from the top of a tall tower to the earth. She had dropped about one half of the distance when the story was interrupted, "To be continued in our next."

In the next number a farmer very opportunely passed beneath the tower with a load of hay, upon which the fair Inez fell without injury.

Still another way of continuing a story is to break it off just where it happens to suit, without reference to what the situation may be. This method has been exploited by another humourist, who asserts that a story in a German periodical was broken off in the middle of one of the long German verbs. Not all the verb could be got into the first number. The interest of the foreign reader, at any rate, was heightened by his desire to know in what combination of letters the word could possibly bring up.

A CYNICAL CELEBRITY.

SUWAROFF, the great Russian General, affected a "many roughness" of speech, especially when the pettiness of small natures awoke his contempt. One day, after a review of troops, the Empress Catherine was so pleased with the precision of their movements that she distributed rewards broadcast among the officers. Suwaroff regarded the obsequious crowd in grim silence, until the Empress, graciously turning to where he stood, inquired:

"And you, General, do you require nothing?"

"Well, mother," he replied, "pay the rent of my lodgings."

"Are you much in debt, then?"

"Three and a half roubles!"

The grim old soldier was wont after this to boast that the Czarina had paid his debts.

After a great victory over the Turks he refused to share in the spoil, and persistently declined an Arab horse which one of the generals pressed upon him. It was a magnificent animal, but it did not tempt him.

"A pony of the Don brought me here," he said, "and a pony of the Don shall carry me away."

"But," objected the other, "he will now be unequal to bearing the weight of your laurels."

"A Don pony has always carried me and my fortune," was the sturdy response.

Certain indiscretions of speech, most offensive to his sovereign, caused him to be dismissed from the active military list. An order was also brought him directing him to leave Moscow at once.

"How much time to pack up?" he inquired.

"Four hours."

"Time and to spare," exclaimed he. "I've packed up, and beaten Turks and Poles in less than that."

Later, when he was restored to all his honours, the hollowness of Court flattery awoke his cynicism.

A parasite of the great bowed to him one day, and Suwaroff, instead of returning the salute, made a succession of deep reverences to a life-sized marble statue near by.

The error was pointed out by someone who supposed him to be growing blind, and Suwaroff replied, "Never mind! there's no knowing what rank and position this statue may hold in a few days."

£100 INSURANCE

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FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS *to whomsoever the proprietors of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

Signed.....

Available until midnight, February 25th, 1893.

A WARRIOR NATION.

THE strangest and most interesting tribe, to the student of uncivilised man, are the Masai—a tribe of half-nomadic savages who dominate and terrorise the whole of East Equatorial Africa between the Victoria Nyanza and the coast. The Masai warrior is the "bogie" of East Africa. The women of the neighbouring tribes terrify their children into silence when they cry, and frighten bad boys into being good by telling them that if they do not obey the Masai will get them.

The Masai warriors call themselves El-Moran, and they hold the men of other tribes in the greatest contempt. They spend their lives in raiding their neighbours for cattle, and by their courage and ferocity in battle have gained a reputation for barbarity of which they are proud.

The party with which I went into Masai-land consisted of more than one hundred Zanzibar negroes, armed with breech-loading rifles; yet I had the greatest difficulty in getting this force over the border. The Zanzibaris were in such a terror of the reputed fiendish character of the El-Moran, that their rifles were of little more use to them than broomsticks.

One afternoon the caravan of which I was a member was stringing along in Indian file to our camping-place by the side of the Kimangelia River, when, to the horror of our men, a war party of El-Moran appeared on the bluff near by.

Our men, paralysed with fear, threw down the boxes and bales of cloth which they were carrying, and cowered on the ground like sheep in the presence of wolves.

A doctor and I were the only white men in the caravan. We had seen enough of our Zanzibaris to know that everything depended on energetic action on our part. Seizing our rifles, which we had leaned against a tree, and taking sticks, we laid about us vigorously, threatening to shoot the first man who did not immediately obey orders. Very soon we had all our goods piled in a compact heap, and the men round them, rifles in hand.

Turning our attention then to the bronze figures of the Masai who were, during this commotion, surveying us in silence, we plucked handfuls of grass and waved toward them in token of peace, after their own custom. To our immense relief they followed our example, and, with emblems of peace in one hand and their huge spears in the other, they scrambled down and approached us.

They were a war party of about a hundred men who, as they informed us without hesitation, were on the way to steal cattle from another tribe. One of their traditional beliefs is that they own all the cattle in the world, and have a right to seize them wherever they find them; a very convenient tradition for a race of professional cattle-thieves.

The Masai warrior eats nothing but beef, and, save for water occasionally when on the trail, drinks nothing but milk and the warm blood of the slaughtered cattle.

They were magnificent men—"six-footers," nearly all, and many of them an inch or two over that height. We were particularly struck with the splendid development of their lower limbs, the result of their many maranding expeditions in quest of cattle, as well as of their diet of roast beef and milk.

They wore no clothes but a small goat-skin cloak, slung jauntily at their backs and descending to the waist. The Masai warrior protects himself from the changes of the weather with a thick coating of grease and red clay, which he plasters all over his body. He never washes. His toilet consists of putting on a new coating of grease and clay when the old one has worn off.

His weapons are a spear with a shapely blade, three feet long, and a rude sword, or simé. In addition he carries a huge shield of buffalo-hide and a knobstick.

His mode of fighting is to rush at the enemy and engage in hand-to-hand combat with his big spear or sword. Sometimes, by way of opening the fight, he hurls his knobstick at an opponent, or if the enemy is taking to his heels, throws it at him to cripple or bring him down. His shield is used to ward off poisoned arrows and the spear-thrusts of his opponent.

Few of the warriors of the other tribes ever make a stand and fight the Masai hand-to-hand. Most of them are armed with bows and poisoned arrows. A Wa-Kamba hunter, with whose tribe the Masai wage a ceaseless, desultory war, told us one day that his people had learned from bitter experience the only fighting tactics that would enable them to defeat the Masai.

To carry out these tactics successfully requires twice as many Wa-Kamba as Masai. The El-Moran fight in pairs. Every El-Moran has a comrade-in-arms, after the fashion of knights in old crusading day. No Masai ever deserts his comrade on the field of battle no matter how great the danger. A Masai warrior who should return home, leaving his comrade-in-arms dead on the field, would be disgraced. They live or die together.

The tactics of the Wa-Kamba bowmen are to scatter themselves over the field of battle, a considerable distance apart, so as to compel the El-Moran to do the same, instead of attacking in a compact body.

Two and two together, the Masai rush to the attack. Arrows discharged at them from the front do little execution, for their advance is a crouching run, with their big shields almost covering the entire figure. Part of the Wa-Kamba slowly retreat to entice the Masai on, and the others manœuvre to gain their rear and shoot them in the back.

MEN WITHOUT NAMES.

IN a work upon the prisons of Siberia, Mr. Edgar Boulangier, a French engineer, who spent a long time in the service of the Trans-Caspian Railway, describes a strange class of beings in that country. They are the men who do not know who they are.

No doubt many of these men merely assume this ignorance in order to mystify the officials, but their identity is in many cases totally unknown to the authorities and all their acquaintances.

The prison of Alexandrovsk, Mr. Boulangier says, contains several of these people. Now and then, driven by hunger, a vagabond comes to the prison door and asks to be taken in.

"I have come to deliver myself up," says the vagabond.

"For what reason? Who are you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know. What's your name?"

"I have forgotten it; it was so long ago."

"Where is your passport?"

"I have none."

"Then you are a *brodiaga*—a vagabond. You have escaped from prison. What crime were you in for?"

"I have forgotten."

Nothing more definite can be got out of him. Sometimes these vagabond exiles accuse themselves of crimes they have not committed in order to make interesting journeys at the expense of the Government. Frequently their imposture is detected after they have been transported long distances, but who they really are the authorities seldom ascertain.

"WHAT NONSENSE."

PERHAPS no heir to a throne ever received the news of his accession more carelessly and modestly than did the Duc de Bordeaux, better known as the Comte de Chambord, who, had he actually become King, would have been Henry V. of France. He was in his tenth year at the time, and was deeply interested in driving a four-in-hand carriage and horses made of chairs. Naturally he looked upon the announcement of his change of title as a frivolous interruption.

At Rambouillet, on the 2nd of August, in the morning, the old King summoned his son, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duchess, the Baron de Damas, the Duchesse de Gontaut, and the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister. He took the little boy on his knee, embraced him tenderly, and turned away.

"Here is my abdication," he said, taking a paper from the table.

The King's little granddaughter said in a low tone to the Duc de Bordeaux, "Some misfortune is going to befall us, my brother; everyone is looking at us and crying. Let us go and pray to the good God," and they walked softly away to the balcony, where they knelt down.

An hour later the two children had constructed a carriage and horses of chairs, and the duke on a high seat was driving four-in-hand. The Baron de Damas entered and bowed low.

"Sire!" There was a silence. "Sire! I am commissioned to tell you that the King, your august grandfather, not being able to make France happy, in spite of his heartfelt wish to do so, has abdicated the throne, and you, monseigneur, will be King, under the name of Henry V."

The child climbed down from his seat, put his hands on the baron's shoulders, and looked up into his face.

"Grandpapa, who is so good, is not able to make France happy, and so they want to make me King! What nonsense!" He shrugged his shoulders. "What you say is impossible."

Possibly years later, when his supporters had attempted to make him King and failed, he repeated that youthful comment: certainly France, figuratively speaking, shrugged her shoulders, said "What nonsense!" and turned her attention to other matters.

NOTICE.

1d. THE COMPANION 1d.

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THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION.

A TALE OF THE COMING TERROR.

CHAPTERS I. TO VIII.

The first two chapters deal with the solution of the problem of aerial navigation by Richard Arnold, a young English engineer and chemist, who has devoted five years' constant work and the whole of his small fortune to the task. At the eleventh hour, when he has but a few shillings left, and is in arrears with his rent, and almost in the last stage of destitution, his last experiment succeeds and his model air-ship flies.

In this predicament he leaves the tenement-house in Southwark, where he is living, crosses the Thames, and spends one of his three last shillings to a meal. After this he goes on to the Embankment to smoke a last pipe and think of some way out of his difficulty. Three or four hours later on in the evening he is overheard soliloquising to himself about his air-ship by Maurice Colston, who expresses himself as deeply interested in the subject of the soliloquy, and asks permission to introduce himself.

A mutual liking springs up at once, and the two become friends on the spot. Colston invites Arnold to supper at his chambers, and when the meal is over Colston, having heard Arnold's story, tells him that he is a member of the Inner Circle of the Terrorists, and undertakes to furnish his new friend with sufficient money to save his model from seizure for rent.

Arnold sleeps on Colston's sofa that night, and the next day, after a discussion of the question of Arnold joining the Inner Circle and placing his invention at the disposal of the Terrorists, the two go to Arnold's room, where he shows the model at work to Colston, who is amazed at the marvellous skill and ingenuity which it exhibits, and his thoroughly satisfied as to its practical character. That evening Colston takes Arnold to the head-quarters of the Terrorists to introduce him to the Executive and enable him if possible to come to terms with them, and with a view to accomplishing this the President minutely describes the constitution and work of the Brotherhood, which is known to the world as the Terror.

He tells him that it is "an international secret society, underlying and directing the operations of the various bodies known as Nihilists, Anarchists, and Socialists—in fact all those organisations which have for their object the reform or destruction, by peaceful or violent means, of Society as at present constituted," and that its influence also extends, on the one side, into the various trade organisations of the world, and on the other into the diplomatic bodies of all the Courts of Europe. The object of the Brotherhood is the destruction of the existing fabric of Society, and its re-constitution on a juster basis.

Believing that Society must ere long destroy itself in the universal war that is now inevitable, the Brotherhood has delayed this war as long as possible, not feeling itself strong enough to control the course of events; but the Executive has now decided that the possession of a fleet of such air-ships as Arnold has invented will enable them to do this, and at the right moment to compel peace and enforce general disarmament. On these grounds Arnold is asked to join the Brotherhood. Arnold in reply alludes to the conditions which he has already stated to Colston, and which the President accepts. These are that he shall be entrusted with the command of the aerial fleet, and that the secret of the motive power used shall remain his. On these terms he consents to join and signs the oath which binds him for life to the Brotherhood.

As soon as he has done this all the members of the Inner Circle are introduced to him by the President one by one. He finds, when they unmask, that nine of them are men and five are women, one of whom he recognises as the woman depicted in the painting, and who introduces herself as Radna Michaelis, and then in turn introduces a very beautiful girl as Natasha, the daughter of Natas, the mysterious creator and guiding spirit of the Brotherhood of the Terror, who is the brain and genius of the organisation, whose word is law, and whose hand holds a power of life and death from which there is no appeal. Natasha then asks him to exhibit his model to the members of the Circle, and the President conducts him into a large underground apartment behind the Council Chamber, in which he puts the different parts of the model together before his new comrades, and, after explaining the uses of the various parts, sets it working, and conclusively demonstrates to them that it is really a practical embodiment of the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

The experiment concluded, they return to the Council Chamber, and there the President tells Arnold that he will have to hold himself in readiness to go to Russia in three days, with Natasha and the Princess Ornovski, who is at once a member of the Inner Circle and a confidant of the Russian Secret Police, in order to lay the plans of the invention before the Chief, who is in Petersburg.

When the party breaks up after supper, Arnold and Colston drive with Natasha and Radna to the Princess's house in Cheyne Walk, where they are to lunch the following day, and from here they walk home along the Embankment to the Savoy. During the walk Arnold confesses that he has fallen suddenly and hopelessly in love with Natasha, and asks to know more about her. Colston can tell him nothing more than he knows, save the fact that she is not betrothed to anyone, and, therefore, bids him not despair of winning her.

That night Arnold lies awake for hours picturing himself as Lord of the Air, controlling the world-tragedy which is about to break forth, and sharing with Natasha the dominion that his genius has won. The next day he goes with Colston to keep the appointment at the house of the Princess Ornovski, where he learns that he is to go to Russia, in the character of an English engineer, to report on the trial of a navigable balloon which has been offered to the Czar by a French inventor.

CHAPTER VIII, (*continued.*)

THE meal was dainty and perfectly served, but there were no servants present, for obvious reasons, and so they waited on themselves. Colston sat opposite the Princess and carved the grouse, while Arnold was *vis-à-vis* to Natasha, a fact which had a perceptible effect upon his appetite.

"Now," said the Princess, as soon as everyone was helped, "I will enlighten you, Mr. Arnold, as to your mission to Russia. One part of the business, I presume, you are already familiar with?"

Arnold bowed his assent, and she went on:

"Then the other is easily explained. Interested as you are in the question, I suppose there is no need to tell you that for several years past the Czar has had an offer open to all the world of a million sterling for a vessel that will float in the air, and be capable of being directed in its course as a ship at sea can be directed."

"Yes, I am well aware of the fact. Pray proceed." As he said this Arnold glanced across the table at Natasha, and a swift smile and a flash from her suddenly-unveiled eyes told him that she, too, was thinking of how the world's history might have been altered had the Czar's million been paid for his invention. Then the Princess went on:

"Well, through a friend at the Russian Embassy, I have learnt that a French engineer has, as he says, perfected a balloon constructed on a new principle, which he claims will meet the conditions of the Czar's offer.

"My friend also told me that his Majesty had decided to take an entirely disinterested opinion with regard to this invention, and asked me if I could recommend any English engineer who had made a study of aerial navigation, and who would be willing to go to Russia, superintend the trials of the war-balloon, and report as to their success or otherwise.

"This happened a few days ago only, and as I had happened to read an article that you will remember you wrote about six months ago in the *Nineteenth*, or, as it is now called, the *Twentieth Century*, I thought of your name, and said I would try to find someone. Two days later I got news from the Circle of your invention—never mind how: you will learn that later on—and called at the Embassy to say I had found someone whose judgment could be absolutely relied upon.

"Now, wasn't that kind of me, to give you such a testimonial as that to his Omnipotence the Czar of All the Russias?"

Once more Arnold bowed his acknowledgments—this time somewhat ironically, and Natasha interrupted the narrative by saying with a spice of malice in her voice:

"No doubt the Little Father will duly recognise your kindness, Princess, when he gets quite to the bottom of the matter."

"I hope he will," replied the Princess, "but that is a matter of the future—and of considerable doubt as well." Then, turning to Arnold again, she continued:

"You will now, of course, see the immense advantage there appeared to be in getting you to examine these war-balloons. They are evidently the only possible rivals to your own invention in the field, and therefore it is of the utmost importance that you should know their strength or their weakness, as the case may be.

"Well, that is all I have to say, so far. It has been decided that you shall go, if you are willing, with us to St. Petersburg the day after to-morrow to see the balloon, and make your report. All your expenses will be paid on the most liberal scale, for the Czar is no niggard in spending either his own or other people's money, and you will have a handsome fee into the bargain for your trouble."

"So far as the work is concerned, of course, I undertake it willingly," said Arnold, as the Princess stopped speaking. "But it hardly seems to me to be right that I should take even the Czar's money under such circumstances. To tell you the truth, it looks to me rather uncomfortably like false pretences."

Again Natasha's eyes flashed approval across the table, but nevertheless she said:

"You seem to forget, my friend, that we are at war with the Czar, and all's fair in—in love and war. Besides, if you have any scruples about keeping the fee for your professional services—which, after all, you will render as honestly as though it were the merest matter of business—you can put it into the treasury and so ease your conscience.

"Remember, too," she went on more seriously, "how the enormous wealth of this same Czar has swollen by the confiscation of fortunes whose possessors had committed no other crime than becoming obnoxious to the corrupt bureaucracy."

"I will take the fee if I fairly earn it, Miss Darrel," replied Arnold, returning the glance, as he spoke, "and it shall be my first contribution to the treasury of the Brotherhood."

"Spoken like a sensible man," chimed in the Princess. "After all, it is no worse than spoiling the Egyptians, and you have Scriptural authority for that. However, you can do as you like with his Majesty's money when you get it. The main fact is that you have the opportunity of going to earn it, and that Colonel Martinov is coming here to tea this afternoon to bring our passports, specially authorising us to travel without customs examination or any kind of questioning to any part of the Czar's dominions, and that, I can assure you, is a very exceptional honour indeed."

"Who did you say? Martinov? Is that the Colonel Martinov who is the director of the Secret Police here?" asked Colston hurriedly.

"Yes," replied the Princess, "the same. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Colston, quietly, "he received the sentence of death nearly a month ago, and to-morrow night he will be executed, unless there is some accident. It was he who stood with the Governor of Brovno in the prison yard and watched Radna Michaelis flogged by the soldiers. I received news this morning that the arrangements are complete, and that the sentence will be carried out to-morrow night."

"Yes, that is so," added Natasha, as Colston ceased speaking. "Everything is settled. It is therefore well that he should do something useful before he meets his fate."

"How curious that it should just happen so!" said the Princess calmly, as she rose from the table and moved towards the door followed by Natasha.

As soon as the ladies had left the room Colston and Arnold lit their cigarettes and chatted while they smoked over their last glass of claret. Arnold would have liked to have asked more about the coming tragedy, but something in Colston's manner restrained him, and so the conversation remained on the subject of the Russian journey until they returned to the sitting-room.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTERNOON TEA.

THE early part of the afternoon was passed in carefully arranging all the details of the work connected with the visit to St. Petersburg; so far, at least, as Arnold was concerned. What Natasha was going there for remained a secret.

It was evident that it must be a matter of the last importance for the daughter of Natas herself to undertake it, but when he had ascertained this much he felt that it would be as useless as it would be impolitic to inquire further.

About four o'clock a cab drove up to the door. There was a ring at the bell, and a few moments later the servant announced:

"Colonel Boris Martinov!"

All rose to their feet as the door of the sitting-room opened, and a well-groomed, military-looking man of medium height walked in, and was greeted by the Princess with:

"Ah, my dear Colonel! Delighted to see you! You come in good time. My niece, Fedora Darrel, you already know, and also, I think, my friend Mr. Maurice Colston. This is Mr. Richard Arnold, the engineer, of whom I have spoken to you.

"I have confidentially explained to him the exact nature of the professional mission that you desire him to undertake at the command of his Majesty, and he is willing to accept the honour."

Colonel Martinov shook hands with Natasha and Colston, and then turned to Arnold and took his hand, scanning him from head to foot with one rapid glance of his slanting Tartar eyes as he did so. Then he said, in the most perfect English:

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir, under such pleasant and distinguished auspices. Her Highness is one of the most trusted servants of our master the Czar, and therefore her friends are mine. I understand that you have made a special study of the problem of aerial navigation?"

"Yes," replied Arnold; "I have, in fact, done little else for some years past."

"So far without having solved it, I presume," with another quick upward glance.

"If that were not the case I should be going to Russia rather to submit my own invention to his Majesty than to inspect that of someone else."

"Ah, truly. I have read the article that you published a few months ago in the *Twentieth Century*, and I see from that that you are in favour of the flying machine pure and simple as against the balloon that can be steered."

"Yes, as a matter of theory I am. But you know that practice very often makes the best of our theories look very foolish, and I therefore preserve a perfectly open mind on the subject. I shall be glad to welcome the first triumph of either school that really solves the great problem."

"I am delighted to hear you speak so dispassionately. That is the true scientific spirit, and if it had been more general the problem would be nearer solution than it perhaps is. However, what you say promises a fair and therefore most valuable report."

"You may depend upon its being all that my poor judgment can make it. If I have any prejudices, they are against the navigable balloon, and therefore if I report in favour of what I see his Majesty may be sure that the test has been complete and convincing."

"Exactly! It is, indeed, chiefly for that reason that we desire the opinion of one of the other school. By the way, I presume the Princess has acquainted you with the absolutely confidential nature of this mission?"

"Oh, yes. I fully understand that. I hope her Highness will be able to answer confidently for my discretion."

"Perfectly, my dear Mr. Arnold," said the Princess, coming towards them. "But now I must ask you to leave State secrets for a while, for they will be bringing in the tea-things in a moment."

"Then, meanwhile, perhaps Mam'selle will delight our ears with a song?" said the Colonel, waving his hand towards the piano as he spoke. "I have had the felicity of hearing her more than once, and each time I have done so I have longed more than ever to hear her again."

"It would be impossible to refuse a request so flatteringly framed," replied Natasha, going to the instrument. "What will you have—English, French, or German?"

"Why not Russian?" asked Martinov, with a deprecatory movement of his hands.

"Because, if you want Russian, you will have to ask my aunt to sing, or do it yourself. I am ashamed to say that I do not know ten words of my mother-tongue."

"Ah, what a pity that is! It would sound so sweet from those lips," exclaimed the Russian, with a smirk that made Arnold's blood boil. "But, as that is so, pray choose for us."

Natasha sat down, and struck a few chords, and then began Heine's "Grenadiere," the poem which describes the return of two French grenadiers from captivity in Russia after the Moscow campaign.

Those who know the song will remember that towards the end one of the war-worn veterans breaks out into the "Marseillaise," as he describes how he will lie full-armed in his grave until the tramp of armies and the clang of steel above him tells him that his adored Emperor is once more in the field, and how he will burst the chains of death, and rise to fight one more battle for him.

Arnold did not know German enough to fully appreciate the heroic tenderness of the old soldier's passionate loyalty, but when the "Marseillaise" swept into the song his thoughts at once went back to the night before, and he saw the same singer standing amidst her fellow revolutionists with the same music but far other words ringing from her lips, and he smiled as he looked at the servant of the Czar listening with all his ears, and with his dark cheeks flushed with the savage soldier blood that was dancing to the martial notes.

"Ah! That glorious song!" exclaimed he, as Natasha finished. "What a pity that it should be the song of revolution and anarchy! Those cords stir a soldier's blood like the notes of a bugle."

"But surely the words are loyal enough, Colonel?" replied Natasha, rising from the piano as the tea-things came in. "To my mind they are the most loyal words that were ever put into a singer's mouth."

"That is true; and they are faithful to life, too, for not even in Russia are there more devoted soldiers than those old heroes who followed the Corsican a hundred years ago."

Natasha now sat down to the tea-table, and as the cups went round the conversation veered back to the mission to Russia, and flowed along easily, for the Russian, like all of his profession, was an excellent talker, and well in-

"The Pelican" says of this story:—"One of the most remarkable stories I have read for some time past is 'The Angel of the Revolution,' now appearing in each issue of 'Pearson's Weekly'"—

turned on almost every subject of the day. At length, a little after five, he rose to take his leave, and as he did so he took some papers out of his breast-pocket and handed them to the Princess, saying as he did so:

"There are your passports, Highness. I have been enjoying myself so much that I had almost forgotten to give them. You will find them all in order, and you will have nothing to do but show them when you arrive at St. Petersburg.

"Talking of passports, by the way, I have lately received one to the next world!"

"My dear Colonel," exclaimed the Princess with a gesture of fright, "what a horrible idea! Surely you are joking."

"On the contrary, Princess, it is no joking matter. My passport is visé'd by no less a person than the mysterious Natas himself."

"Natas!" echoed the Princess, recoiling as though in horror from him. "Then let me beg of you, my dear Colonel, to take the utmost precautions for your safety. I know you are brave almost to recklessness, but remember how valuable your life is to our master the Czar, and guard it carefully."

"Though I do not fear even Natas here in this enlightened London, you may yet depend upon my taking every precaution, for the sake of him to whom my life belongs. Adieu, Princess, I kiss your hand. Mam'selle, I have the honour! Gentlemen, adieu!"

So saying, Colonel Boris Martinov bowed himself out of the room, and as the front door closed behind him Colston turned to Arnold and said:

"You wouldn't think that that suave, polished man of the world could stand by and see a young girl flogged till she fainted, would you?"

"No, I should not, though, judging from his face, I should say the veneer was pretty thin."

"Yes, he's just the kind of Russian whose skin holds a Tartar," said Colston. "There are few greater official criminals on earth than he is. Wait till you hear the catalogue of his crimes read out to him to-morrow night."

Arnold made no reply, but shuddered inwardly at the prospect, and a few minutes later the two friends took leave, and as Natasha shook hands with Arnold, she said to him meaningly:

"You will want all your nerves to-morrow night, for they will be severely tried. I hope they will stand the strain."

"Of that you need have but little fear," was his reply. "What is done under your sanction can be nothing but justice. If he is guilty of but the one crime that I know of, he is worthy of death, for he is not fit to live. Were I in Colston's place I would kill him myself without hesitation."

"Yes, I know you would—if you were in Colston's place, for you are a man, and you would know how to avenge such an outrage on the woman you loved," said Natasha, looking him full in the eyes.

The awful picture that her words conjured up for the moment seemed to blind him with its horror. His hand closed upon hers with a sudden grip, and said through his clenched teeth:

"Yes! If he had a hundred lives I would take them one by one till he had paid the utmost possible penalty of his crime!"

"I believe you would. Some day you may be tried—who knows? Now, good-bye!"

CHAPTER X.

A RUSSIAN POLICE SPY.

At half-past seven on the night of the day following his visit to Princess Ornovski in Cheyne Walk, Colonel Boris Martinov was sitting in the comfortably-furnished room which he used as half office, half study, in a spacious old-fashioned house in Russell Square, which was ostensibly his own private house, and in reality the headquarters of the Russian Secret Police in London.

On the writing-table at which he sat lay a few sheets of foolscap covered with writing in cypher and three photographs which, if Richard Arnold had been looking over his shoulder, he would have been somewhat surprised to recognise as those of Maurice Colston, Nicholas Roburoff, the president of the executive of the Inner Circle, and Radna Michaelis. The only difference in their appearance consisted in the fact that, instead of everyday garments, they were wearing the rude, shapeless garb of Russian convicts.

Martinov examined them one by one under a magnifying glass, scrutinising their features narrowly, and then he put them down and turned to the pages of cypher, referring to different portions of them that he had marked in blue pencil, and glancing back every now and then at the photographs.

At length he leaned back in his chair, lit a cigarette, and said half-aloud in Russian, as though addressing some invisible second person:

"Yes; there can be no doubt about it. That fine young gentleman who calls himself Maurice Colston, and who has managed to get on such friendly terms with our very good ally, Princess Ornovski, is certainly no other than Alexis Mazanoff, the Revolutionary student of the Medical School at St. Petersburg, and sometime heir to the Mazanoff estates at Brovno, now confiscated for treason. He ought to be at the mines now. I wonder how he escaped."

Thus musing he took up another photograph, saying as he did so:

"Where have I seen that face before? Ah, Brovno! *Nu vot!* Of course, that is the girl we flogged in the prison yard for contumacy. I remember now. She was a Jewess, and fancied that the Governor ought to have treated her like a Christian, and so we tied her up just to convince her of the error of her ways.

"Yes, yes. She was released some weeks afterwards when it was found that that fool Plonsky had made a mistake about her, and she disappeared about the same time that Mazanoff escaped. Perhaps there was something between them. If so, I'm afraid we somewhat spoilt her beauty for him.

"And now we find that they are acting in concert with the Central Nihilist Committee in London.

"If we were anywhere else than in this ridiculous country, extradition would be a good deal easier than it is. Really, one would think that England took an absolute pride in being the asylum for half the political criminals and conspirators of Europe. Ah! for just a month of our good old Russian régime!

"What a clearance we would make of these rookeries and rat-holes where Nihilists and Anarchists plot and plan the murder of sovereigns and the ruin of States! What a pity it is that such a splendid country as this has fallen into the hands of a people with such ridiculous ideas about personal liberty.

"Still there is nothing for it but to pursue the usual course, and unless something very untoward happens to-night, I fancy we shall be able to manufacture sufficient evidence to convict, at any rate, Mr. Maurice Colston and Nicolas Roburoff of complicity in the manufacture and secret exportation of explosives to France and Russia.

"Then, once across the frontier, the rest will be an easy matter, and if they ever leave Siberia again alive, I shall think the time has come to revise even our criminal system. As for the girl, well, I suppose we shall have to trust to the chance of getting the correspondence fastened on to her, or else live in hopes of her following her lover into the embrace of the Bear.

"And yet, after all, these are only the small fry, these Nihilists and Anarchists. We have fought them pretty successfully for the last fifty years.

"I would give a hundred Nihilists for one clue to the real identity or one good hint as to the whereabouts of this Natas and his spectre brotherhood—this phantom Terror which strikes in the dark and is never seen; which haunts the palace and the police office with equal attention, and slays highest and lowest with equal immunity.

"Ah, yes! and that reminds me. Herr Natas has honoured me with a death sentence. Me, Boris Martinov, the unknown Chief of the unknown Secret Police in London! Well, if he can strike me down in this city of law and order, surrounded by a hundred spies, he will have done something to be proud of.

"And yet, *bozhe moi!* did not he strike down Dornovitch in the palace car of the St. Petersburg express only the other day, going at full speed across the Steppes, and leave no trace behind him save the mark of that accursed Terror on his brow!

"*Nu vot!* this is more like fighting fiends than men. Bah! I would give ten years of my life to fathom that mystery, but there——"

At this point Colonel Martinov's reverie was cut short by the clock on the mantelpiece chiming the half-hour. He started at the sound, wrapped up the photographs in the sheets of foolscap, and then paused with them held irresolutely in his hand.

"Shall I take them with me, or leave them here locked up? No, locks and keys are not to be trusted, and perhaps my reputation may depend upon these. I'll take them."

So saying he folded them up closer, and slipped them into a secret pocket inside his waistcoat. Then he pressed an electric button in the wall beside him, and the next moment the door opened, and a manservant entered the room and stood motionless awaiting orders.

"Shut the door and come here," said Martinov in Russian.

The door was closed, and the man came forward and stood beside him.

"If anyone calls, Ivan, I have gone out of town—in fact, down to Brighton—for a day or two, and you cannot expect me till Monday. You understand? I am going to be initiated to-night into the fourth Nihilist circle, and the instructions that I have left with you are to be rigidly obeyed, unless I countermand them in person.

"You will remain here as my body servant; you will know nothing, and be as stupid as it is possible for you to be. On Monday evening at nine o'clock sharp you will be outside the house in Marshall Street, Borough, the address that I have given you, with our good friend Inspector Smithson and the men that he will bring with him.

"As soon as you hear a pane of glass broken in the upper window the door will be forced and you will find me and my fellow-conspirators under such circumstances as will give no excuse for not arresting us. You can then leave the rest to me.

"I hope you distinctly understand these instructions, because one mistake might lead to the escape of the whole gang."

"I understand them perfectly, Excellency, and they shall be obeyed to the letter," replied the man.

"Very good! And, by the way, keep a sharp eye on that secretary of mine, Stepan Orloff. I have noticed one or two little things about him that have raised my suspicion. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes, Excellency. He shall be watched. If I may speak ——."

"Yes, of course you may speak. Go on; what is it?"

"I overheard him only this morning mutter to himself, after you had reprimanded him for that mistake in the telegram to Paris, 'You will never live to see the difference; Natas will strike before then.'"

As the seeming servant said this the bronze of Martinov's skin paled to an ashen grey, and, turning sharp round in his chair, he cried:

"Great God! Then he must be one of them, for this morning no soul in this house knew, save myself, that I had received the sentence."

"And you have received it, Excellency?" exclaimed the man in a low, frightened whisper. "Then for heaven's sake, for your own and Russia's, do not go upon this errand to-night. Who knows? the whole thing may be but a plot to entrap you."

"No, no, good friend, that will be all well. I have taken too many precautions for that," replied Martinov, with just an echo of bravado in his voice. "Come now, it is almost time I was off. You must come upstairs and help me to dress for my part."

Saying this he pulled down the sliding lid of his secretaire, locked it, and continued:

"There is no fear for me to-night, and what you have told me about Orloff gives me courage to face a thousand new dangers. Make no sign that you suspect him, but watch him in all his goings and comings if you have to use every spy on the staff to do it. It would be worth more to trace a single member of the Terrorists than to lay every Nihilist in London by the heels. *Ach da!* If we could only unmask one of that brotherhood I could ask anything for myself or you at St. Petersburg, so keep your eyes opened and your mouth shut. Now come upstairs."

The two left the room and went upstairs. Half-an-hour later Ivan came down again accompanied by a man, who looked as unlike Colonel Boris Martinov as it was possible for anyone to do.

The Russian official had vanished, and in his place was a shabby-genteel-looking individual in tweed trousers slightly frayed at the bottoms, a somewhat shiny black frock coat, buttoned almost up to the neck, and a soft felt hat, somewhat the worse for wear, pressed down upon a mass of unkempt black hair, which spread its straggling locks upon the greasy collar of his coat.

In a word, he was the very type of the ne'er-do-weel, shabby-respectable sort of individual that is invariably found listening to revolutionary oratory in low class clubs, or wherever else it is permitted to be uttered.

Ivan went to the front door, opened it, and, putting his fingers into his mouth, gave a long shrill whistle, which was almost immediately answered by a gruff hail a little way up the street, and a couple of minutes later a well-appointed hansom pulled up at the kerbstone.

(*To be continued.*)

MOTHER: "So you wish my daughter for your wife?"

He (gallantly): "Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

LITTLE BOY: "I saw you kiss sis, and if you don't give me sixpence I'll tell."

Young Man: "Here's the tanner."

Little Boy: "Thanks. That's £1 I've made this month."

"THIS red flag," shouted the Socialist orator, "is the emblem of the brotherhood of man!"

"Not much," growled a voice from the back seats; "it's a sign that smallpox, rock-blasting, steam-roller, or some other nuisances are about, and that it's time for wise men to clear out."

FULLY explained (a mother, indignant to find her little daughter very low in her class at school, exclaimed wrathfully): "I am out of all patience with you, Mollie. I should just like to know why Sally Jones is always at the head of her class, while you are always at the foot?"

Mollie hesitated for a moment, and then, looking her mother squarely in the face, she said, demurely:

"You seem to forget, mamma, that Sally has very clever parents."

MRS. PATRICIAN (to new servant): "I suppose, Bridget, you overheard my husband and I conversing rather earnestly this morning?"

Bridget: "Indade, I did that, mum."

Mrs. P.: "I hope you did not consider that anything unusual was going on."

Bridget: "Niver a bit, mum. I wanst had a husband mesalf, mum, and niver a day passed that the neighbours didn't belave one or the other uv us would be kilt entoirly."

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—The author's name is not stated, but Mr. Pearson appears to have discovered a second Jules Verne."

FICTION.

THE MEDICINE CHEST.—"My dear," said Mr. Timmins, after a long and gloomy pause, "my dear, I'm not feeling well to-night, and I think I'll take some of those anti-bilious pills. That idea of yours of having a little medicine chest, with everything handy, is an excellent one, and if you can find those pills I'll take a dose."

"They are just what you need?" said Mrs. Timmins, sympathetically; "your tongue is coated and your complexion looks very yellow lately."

"I don't remember calling on you for any remarks about my complexion, Mrs. Timmins, and as for my tongue being coated, we will assume that it has also got on vest, trousers, and boots. What I asked for was pills, pills, Mrs. Timmins, not oratory."

Mrs. Timmins bustled to the cupboard, and after considerable search, found a ribbon box with one end knocked out. In it were half a dozen blue papers that belonged to the large end of a seidlits powder, a dose and a half of cough mixture, a paper of salts, an empty arnica bottle, two lumps of sugar, four biscuits, half a lemon, a lump of camphor, a mustard leaf, and seven pill boxes without covers.

"I don't think these are the pills you want," said Mrs. Timmins, scratching in the bottom of the medicine chest. "Do you remember whether they were white, brown, or black?"

"I'm not particular about the colour," responded Mr. Timmins sardonically. "What I want is anti-bilious pills. I brought home a box and told you to put 'em away carefully. If you've lost them in that box, it isn't my fault. What I want is pills—anti-bilious pills!"

"This looks like them," said Mrs. Timmins, squashing one between her thumb and finger, and smelling it cautiously. "Do you remember whether they were sugar-coated?"

"I do not," rejoined Mr. Timmins, "nor do I remember whether they wore stand-up collars or a top-hat. If you think I'm going to sit here like a book on heraldry, and furnish you with the antecedents of those pills, you've lost sight of our relations, Mrs. Timmins. I want to know whether you can find them or not."

"Is this one of them?" asked Mrs. Timmins, chasing a refractory pellet into a corner, and fishing it out with some misgivings. "It looks like it, and I can't think what else it's for. Suppose you take it."

"Does it say so on the cover? Does the cover say it's anti-bilious?"

"I can't find the cover," responded Mrs. Timmins helplessly. Here's a box, will that do?"

"Oh, certainly, anything 'll do for me!" shrieked Mr. Timmins. "All I want is a box and a pill. It doesn't make any difference whether they go together or not. Do you know a pill from a post-office? Can you tell the difference between a pill-box and a policeman? D'you suppose I'm going to eat one of those things without knowing whether it's a railway ticket or a corn plaster? What did ye mix 'em up for? D'you think I'm going to speculate in those pills till one hits my liver? or to take 'em in courses like a City banquet? Have I got to get out a search warrant to find those pills?"

"Suppose you put on this mustard leaf," suggested Mrs. Timmins, holding it up before him. "Mustard is the best thing in the world to excite action of the liver."

"Oh, yes, certainly, certainly," sneered Mr. Timmins. "What a head you've got for physic! If I could get you to hold a red light in your mouth and tie a pestle and mortar round your neck I'd start you for a chemist's shop. How are you going to tie a mustard plaster round my liver? Don't you know the difference between a mustard leaf and a box of pills? What did you spill 'em for? D'you think I am going to eat mixed pills, like sweets? Been trying to make a pill salad, haven't you?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Timmins, musingly. "These white ones are quinine; these brown ones are the opium; now I remember, and the black ones are the ones you want. How many make a dose?"

"None!" yelled Mr. Timmins. "D'you suppose I'm going to take those things on their colour? Think I'm going to run the chances of filling myself up with opium, just to test your eye for tints? or shut my eyes and draw a pill, as if I was playing a game of forfeits? I don't want any pills. Throw 'em out! Pitch that medicine chest out of the window! Next time I want pills, I'll——"

Mrs. Timmins went to the cupboard, put the chest away, and as she did so noticed a little box that had fallen out on the shelf.

"Here they are, dear," she said, smiling, and pointing out the label to her liege.

"Oh, yes, of course!" growled Mr. Timmins, "you found 'em, didn't you? Couldn't give 'em to me at first, could you? Another time, Mrs. Timmins, I want you to let things alone. Don't ever put anything more of mine in that chest; do hear me? I don't want those things to-night, because I'm not sure whether I'm bilious, but when I am I want these pills where I can find 'em; you understand? I don't want to go rooting about the house after pills again when I'm ill. You understand that?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Timmins, slipping the pills into her pocket.

"HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.—She is waiting in the darkness, she is waiting by the door, and she hears the sad sea moaning as it beats the sandy shore; and she hears the night-bird crying, and the wailing of the trees, and upon her fevered forehead blows the cooling southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one, who to her is prince and hero, who is brighter than the sun.

Close the door, oh, weeping lady! close the door and weep alone, to the sighing of the branches, to the ocean's sullen moan; to the screaming of the night-bird, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from heaven, splashing on the window-pane.

Let your eyes this night be rivers, and your hair a mourning veil, let your soul float out to heaven in a wild despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do not echo on the shore, and to-night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell.

Close the door, oh, weeping lady, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort to the sombre sky above; to your side your love and hero all your watching cannot win, for he tried a night's skylarking and the peeler's ran him in.

"MISS BUDD's heart is like a volume in a circulating library."

"How is that?"

"Not to be kept longer than two weeks."

THE deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered:

"Have you a card about you?"

"You can't play in church," was the solemn, reproving answer; and the good woman was so confused that she forgot all about the text.

A TRAVEL-STAINED tramp was seen sitting under the protecting ægis of a stone wall with a newspaper in his hand. "Yes," he remarked sadly, "the lecturer is right; overwork is what is playing the deuce with us Englishmen. But as long as I live it shall be my endeavour to stand as a living rebuke to the spirit of unrest which animates so many of our people, and which is hiding so many of our young and promising men in early graves."

SCOTCH THRIFT.—Little girl (to Scotch housewife): "Please, mem, ma mither has sent me to see if ye would lend me yuir beef-bone to make broth wi'."

Scotch Wife: "Weel, ma lassie, I canna jist do that. Ye see we made broth with it ourselves on Monday, and we lent it to Mrs. MacVicar to flavour some hare soup on Tuesday, and we be using it the day for cock-a-leekie ourselves; but ye may get a boiling o't on Friday, for Mrs. Tamson has the promise o't the morn for some nice strengthening soup, for her man's an invalid."

THEY sat upon the bridge watching the silent tide as it flowed past, making soft ripples against the pier, like distant music; the restless ferry-boats sped back and forth like giant spectres in the pale moonlight; the distant hum of the great city became fainter and fainter; still the maiden spake not. Placing his arm softly around her waist, in accents of deepest love and interest, he whispered, "What troubles thy thought, my darling? Art thou chewing the cud of sweet or bitter fancies?"

"Neither," she replied; "it's my apron-string."

IT was in a mining town in the far West, and the collection was being made at the close of the service, when one of the deacons unfortunately let his box fall. Instantly there was a movement among the audience, but the preacher was equal to the occasion. Quick as thought he drew his revolver and said: "The brethren will please notice that I have the drop on them. Any brother leaving his seat will have a small funeral at his house to-morrow, at two p.m. All invited to attend."

The brethren kept their places, and the deacon picked up his collection.

MRS. JONES and Mrs. Brown were chatting together over the wall. "Really," said Mrs. Jones, "I think your baby is the sweetest creature on earth."

"He's a darling boy," replied the fond mother, "just look at his tiny little nose, and his funny fat cheeks, and his beautiful bald head, and his fat podgy hands."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Jones, I think he gets more like his father every day."

But his father (who had overheard the above conversation) said, and emphatically too, "that he didn't like comparisons of that sort."

ACCOMMODATING.—Irate guest (to landlord of a bush hotel): "You informed me that I might order whatever I liked for dinner. I called for ox-tail soup, salmon chops, potato salad, a bottle of wine, and the like, and the waiter brought me bread and bacon. I——."

Landlord (cheerfully): "Oh, that's all right an' regular, stranger. We like to be accommodating, an' so we let new customers order what they please, an' then we give 'em jest the same as the rest git. It's no trouble for the waiters to take them orders, an' it makes the strangers kinder good while they're waitin'."

FACTS.

CHARLES I. was a writer of shorthand.

GUNPOWDER was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in a mortar.

NO convents, either for men or women, are to be found in Norway or Sweden. They are absolutely forbidden by the laws.

THE smallest amount of coinage issued from the Mint during the past twenty years was in 1882, when only £252,440 was issued. The largest coinage was in 1872, when £16,552,691 was issued.

IN London the omnibus horse is worn out in five years, the tram horse in four, the post-office horse in six, and the brewers' in from six to seven, while the vestry horses last eight years. The post-office horse costs £36, the vestry horse £75, and the brewers' at least £90 a-piece.

ONE of the peculiarities of the cocoa-nut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that—"He who has looked upon a dead monkey; he who has found the nest of a paddy-bird; he who hath beheld a *straight cocoa-nut*, or has fathomed the deceitful heart of a woman, will live for ever.

A SINGULAR illustration of the persistence with which the Japanese adhere to their family vocations is seen in an announcement, in a Japanese newspaper, that a certain celebrated dancing-master was to hold a service in honour of the one-thousandth anniversary of the death of his ancestor who was the first of the family to take up the profession.

As regards hospitals, the teeming millions of London can count upon only one bed per 1,000—a proportion which is unique among the large towns of Great Britain. Glasgow, Newcastle, Wolverhampton, have 3½ beds per 1,000; Edinburgh, 3¾; Dublin, 6½; Norwich, Belfast, Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol, have an average of 2½ beds per 1,000.

A CURIOUS discovery was some years ago made, among the archives at Southampton, of a box containing the original naval laws of that port as early as the fourteenth century. One of them was that if the majority of the sailors of a vessel on the point of sailing were of opinion that the wind was unfavourable, and the vessel was wrecked afterwards, the captain was responsible for the value of the goods lost.

THERE is no other work in the world of which so many copies are printed annually as of the Chinese almanac. The number is estimated at several millions. This almanac is printed at Pekin, and is a monopoly of the Emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for commencing any undertaking, for applying remedies in diseases, for marrying, and for burying.

THERE is in Spain a river called Tinto, which has very extraordinary qualities; its waters, which are as yellow as a topaz, harden the sand, and petrify in a most surprising manner. If a stone falls into the river, and rests upon another, they both become perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. It withers all the plants on its banks, as well as the roots of trees, which it dyes of the same hue as its waters. No fish live in its stream.

THE waste of a great city might easily feed its desperate poverty. We waste our coal and our smoke, our gas and our water, our food and our refuse. What we want is more forethought in times of comparative prosperity. The chemist turns scrap iron into ink, old bones into lucifer matches, the shavings of the blacksmith's shop into Prussian blue, fusel oil into oil of apples and pears, the drainings of cow-houses into fashionable perfumery, beggars' rags into new pilot coats, and tar waste into aniline dyes and saccharine. In Paris they first utilise rats to clear the flesh from the bones of carcases, then kill the rats, use up the fur for trimmings, the skins for gloves, their thigh-bones for toothpicks, and their tendons and bones for gelatine wrappers.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to March 25th, 1893, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 503, and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 501.

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THE JEWELLERY OF THE SEA.

"INTEREST in shell collecting is just growing," remarked one of the greatest importers of these wares to me; "and it is a good thing, for in conchology the novice will find a revelation, while the expert will linger in rapturous study of the sea marvels. In shells you have something that is distinctive. You can make it a feature that will be attractive to friends who visit your home."

"How much does it cost to secure a good collection?"

"That depends, of course, upon the ideas of the collector. A very fair private collection, that will make a handsome and interesting cabinet for the study, may be secured for from two to three pounds. It will include between 100 and 115 specimens. These can be arranged in the cabinet so that the varied tints and convolutions and markings of the shells will be most effectively shown.

"Such a collection would be for an amateur. What we call a regular collection, affording a very comprehensive view of the different shell families and characteristics, costs fifty pounds.

"To the lovers of the oddities of Nature it is much more interesting than £60 worth of paintings or *bric-à-brac* would be. With such a collection one could entertain his friends for hours at a time, pointing out the wondrous details of markings, and tints, and curves, and twists, and oddities. For example, such a collection would contain the trumpeter."

"What is the trumpeter?"

The shell merchant went to a case in the rear of his store and lifted out a conch-shaped shell, nearly two feet in length, and marked like a tortoise shell. A hole had been drilled at the large end of the shell.

The merchant placed his lips to the hole and blew. A rich, sonorous trumpet blast echoed and re-echoed through the shop.

"It isn't necessary to explain further why it is called the trumpeter, is it?" exclaimed the merchant with a smile. "This shell comes from Singapore, and belongs to the Triton family. Sailors often use it as a fog horn, and it makes a good one, too.

"Shells of rare beauty of colouring," he continued, "are found among the family commonly called cowry shells, and are gathered in California, India, Africa, Cape of Good Hope, and the Sandwich Islands. The Sandwich Islands are famous for the orange cowry, the most expensive specimen of this family.

"The Pacific coast gives us the most beautiful and largest shell of the olive family in the camp, or tented olive, which has rows of tents on its outer surface, making it look like the picture of a military camp. Olive shells get their name from their shape, and they are large and very beautiful. Quantities of them are found in the East and West Indies.

"Some of the rarest and most beautiful shells in the world are found in China, which make up in beauty of specimens for a dearth of variety in supply. The rarest specimens are the weavers' shuttle and the scallarea, or staircase shell.

"Both these shells are pure white in colour and exquisite in design. They are the prizes of the sea. Like rare violins, they must be snapped up by the collector whenever he sees them, for he may never get the opportunity to acquire a specimen again.

"A curious specimen, without which no good collection is complete, is the spondilus. This is a rough shell of the oyster family, large in shape. Specimens consist of two shells held together by a natural hinge. The interior is richly tinted. Some are red, others yellow, others pink. The American spondilus has a band of red along the inner edge.

"Searchers for shells of gorgeous colours cannot but admire the melon shell. This is shaped like a melon, and is tinted like the inside of a canteloup. One specimen has a crown set on one end. These shells are imported from East India.

"Murex shells are treasured also for their form and rich hues, and are highly prized by collectors. They are rose, red, buff, brown, and white, the tints being spread as if they had been painted with an artist's brush. Ceylon sends us some exquisite specimens, and handsome ones are obtained from Panama."

The conchologist then brought forth a dozen or more large and brilliant-hued shells. "These," he cried in rapture—"these are the star beauties of the shell family. In all the gay jewellery of the ocean there is not a gem that can surpass the splendours of the haliotis univalve.

"The radiant pearl pales in glory before the exquisite blending of hues that beautify the univalve. When cleaned and polished, both its outer and inner surface fairly blaze with colour. It looks as if a rainbow might have been melted upon it. You could search *bric-à-brac* collections over throughout the world without finding any object that would so quickly appeal to and charm the eye.

"The haliotis is a native of the Pacific Ocean.

"The nautilus shell is another sightly gem. This is a pearl shell of opalescent tint, of which there are several pretty varieties, the rarest being the umbilicated specimen.

"Among what one might call the eccentric specimens of the shell world are the colossal fucus, which sometimes grow to two feet in length, and are curiously formed; the dipper shell, so called because it is shaped like a dipper, with a long, pointed handle; the angel wing, and the Venus basket. The last-named shell is a sort of insect, and looking for all the world like a film of lace. The basket shell is shaped liked a cornucopia, and is so brittle that it is most difficult to secure a perfect specimen. It is snow-white, and of the most exquisite design.

"The angel wing is also a white shell, and is a bivalve. The two halves look like folded wings, with the feathers clearly outlined on the outer surface. These shells are found in the West Indies.

"There are hundreds of these prizes, including the black helmet, a shell that is not very rare, but which can be made very beautiful by carving. The ancients cut their cameos from the helmet shells. They are large and make striking ornaments for the top of a bookcase or a table."

"What is the rarest shell of all?"

"That," said the conchologist, "is the superb specimen that is called 'The Cone of the Holy Mary.' Why it is so called I do not know, but it is the rarest, because there are but two known specimens in existence.

"One of them is in the British Museum, and the shell is valued at several thousand pounds sterling—a sort of Koh-i-noor among shells, of wondrous beauty and rarity."

"What is the largest shell known?"

"The giant oyster. You can see giant oyster shells on exhibition in front of several well-known oyster shops in town. They are imported from India. I remember that I imported a pair that measured three and a half feet by four. They weighed nearly five hundred pounds."

"And the smallest shell?"

"Is the rice shell. Lying in bulk in a basket or barrel, the shell would be readily mistaken for rice grains."

WHAT would this world be without a woman?—A perfect blank—like a piece of paper not even ruled.

THE LANCET tells "how to lie when asleep." If it will teach some people how to keep from lying when awake, it will do a public service.

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a man of his better-half, referring to a particularly good-looking housemaid of his own selection.

"She hasn't struck me yet," replied Mrs. T. meekly, "but she has done almost everything else."

A COFFEE-HOUSE keeper of Vienna hit upon the following eccentric means of attracting customers. He had a china pipe-bowl suspended over a large circular table, of such gigantic dimensions as to be capable of containing a pound of tobacco, and supplied with a sufficient number of tubes to accommodate thirty persons at one time. The novelty succeeded, the coffee-house was constantly crowded.

A GENTLEMAN once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the pursuer changed his tactics.

"Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice, with counterfeited friendliness; "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something."

"Not yet," replied the urchin; "little boys like me don't need to know everything."

A NERVOUS old lady, travelling on a railway where the incline was very steep, asked the guard if there was any fear of accident.

"Plenty of fear, ma'am," was the reply, "but no danger."

"Why?" asked the still anxious pilgrim.

"Because there's a brake on every wheel," said the guard.

"But suppose anything was to get wrong with the brake, what would happen then, guard?" inquired the fearful one.

"Then, ma'am, we can reverse the engines, or put on a pressure strong enough to keep the train from slipping, whether going up or down."

"But if that were to give way, what would become of us?"

"Well, ma'am, that I can't say; it depends on the life you have been living."

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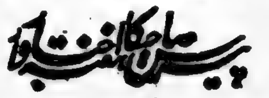
"Newsmongers at Home."

No. 1. is THE HALF-PENNY HOWLER.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY IN QUEER FORMS.

THINKING that the readers of the paper would be interested in seeing how its name looks in the characters of different countries, I wrote to the editors of various papers published in remote parts of the world, asking them if they would be so kind as to give me this. My request was very readily responded to, and I am indebted to the editors of the papers mentioned below for the specimens given.

Here is one representing *Pearson's Weekly* in Hindustani characters, a formidable-looking object, certainly:—

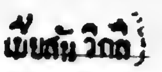


This I received from the manager of THE NUSRAT-UL-MATABA, published at Delhi.

From THE ARARAT MONTHLY the following in Armenian type came to hand:—

ՓԻԸՐՍԸՆ'Ս ՈՒԻՔԼԻ

and THE BANGKOK TIMES, as a specimen of the words in Siamese, sent



In Chinese, of course, there are no characters for *Pearson's*, nor for *Weekly*, the sound in one case and the sense in the other having to be given. So THE HONG KONG DAILY PRESS, in order to get over the difficulty, forwarded two specimens, the first one representing *Pearson's Weekly* as nearly as possible in Chinese characters, the second one being a fuller explanation of it.

卑亞臣星期報

卑亞臣報每禮拜刊發一次

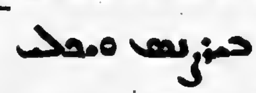
報期星臣亞卑

次一發刊拜禮每報臣亞卑

Russian characters resemble more nearly our own, but the Russian compositor on THE NOVOE WREMIA who translated *Pearson's Weekly* into his own language required the services of twenty pieces instead of fourteen. Here it is:—

„ПИРСОНОВЪ ЕЖЕНЕДѢЛЬНИКЪ"

To reproduce the words in Syriac the characters below are required:—



They emanated from the offices of THE IMPRIMERIE CATHOLIQUE, Beyreuth.

Who, after this, is not thankful for being born under the British flag?

A WELL-KNOWN nobleman was trying a horse one day in company with the owner, a horse-dealer. Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said, "Do you think that is just the horse for a lady to drive?"

"Well, sir," answered the dealer, "I must say I shouldn't want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

Two sailors, one Irish and the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either being wounded in an action about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon ball; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to the agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea-engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked where he was going.

"To the doctor," says Paddy.

"The doctor?" says the officer; "why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head!"

On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and, looking at it very attentively, "By my soul," says he, "he told me it was his leg!"

If you like short stories, please remember that you will find two good ones every week in "The Companion."

THIN ICE.

The danger of discussing persons when in company with strangers is amusingly illustrated by a story I heard the other day.

Several ladies and gentlemen were travelling together in a railway carriage from Dresden to Leipsic. They were mostly strangers to one another, but the conversation became general.

One of the ladies had been at the Court Theatre the night before, where the opera of "Euryanthe" had been sung, and was loud in her expressions of disapproval.

"Worse than all," she went on, "that Madame Schröder is much too old for her part. Her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her.

"Wouldn't you rather tell this to Madame Schröder herself? She is sitting opposite to you," he replied coldly.

After the general silence which followed the remark, the critical lady turned to the singer with many confused apologies.

"It is that horrid critic Schmieder, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person."

"Had you not better tell all this to Mr. Schmieder himself?" calmly inquired Madame Schröder. "He is sitting next you."

SNUFF-TAKING.

When snuff-taking was fashionable, an English nobleman calculated that a person addicted to the habit wasted upon his nose thirty-six and a half days in the year. A snuff-taker took one pinch every ten minutes, and each pinch with its accompaniments occupied a minute and a half. Allowing sixteen hours to the day, he would be busy two hours and twenty-four minutes every day, or thirty-six and a half days in the year.

Talleyrand insisted that diplomatists at least did not waste time by snuff-taking. It afforded them, he said an opportunity of delaying and thus of gaining time for framing a reply which was not ready at hand. It also allowed the removal of one's eyes from those of the questioner, and occupied the hand whose fidgeting might betray a nervousness that had better be concealed.

Darwin, the naturalist, used snuff to stimulate his mind during working hours. That he might not take too many pinches, he kept a jar of snuff on the hall table. The distance between the hall and his study acted as a check upon over-indulgence.

But the chink of the lid of the snuff-jar was a familiar sound in the family. Sometimes when in the drawing-room, Darwin would suggest that the study fire must be burning low. The family smiled as he went out ostensibly to replenish it, but really to get a pinch of snuff.

An eloquent preacher of Glasgow, the Rev. William Anderson, was so addicted to snuff that he would take a pinch in the pulpit. Once, while uttering the words, "My soul cleaveth to the dust," he took a pinch of snuff. He lamented the mastery which the habit had gained over him, and once, while preaching from the text, "All is vanity," treated his nose to snuff, and then said, "And this also is vanity."

HOW SHE CAUGHT A PICKPOCKET.

A wealthy lady was in an omnibus with a considerable sum of money in her purse. At one of the stops there came into the 'bus a man who sat down beside her. She thought of her well-filled purse, and resolved to watch him closely.

Suddenly her suspicious neighbour put his hand down at his side. She felt it slide down until it touched her purse, and instantly she put out her own hand and seized the stranger by the wrist. He did not struggle, however, and she was in some perplexity as to what she should do next; but she thought that if he should attempt to get away she could at least show that she had him by the wrist with his hand in her pocket.

She said afterwards that she could not tell why she did not give an alarm at once, but she sat quiet, waiting for her neighbour to make the first move.

They rode on in this way for some distance, when to her amazement the stranger prepared to rise.

"If you will let go of my arm, madam," he said, with the utmost coolness, "I will get out here."

He half rose as he spoke, and, to her utter confusion, the lady discovered that his hand, instead of being in her pocket, was thrust into the pocket of his own ulster. The garment hung down so that his hand had pressed against her purse without being in contact with it, and she had been holding him by the wrist with no excuse whatever.

She was overcome with confusion, but managed to say that she had thought his hand to be in her pocket. The stranger smiled and went out, while a gentleman near by leaned forward to say:

"Don't you know who that is, madam? That is the Reverend Doctor Blank."

The name was that of one of the best known clergymen in London.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

A French prefect wrote to a mayor requesting him to take precautions against the cholera, which had broken out in his department. The mayor was rather puzzled at these instructions, which appeared vague to him; but after deep thought, he answered that he and his electors were prepared for the plague.

On inquiring into the measures taken by the worthy Mayor, in order to ascertain their efficiency, it appeared that he had caused as many graves to be dug as there were inhabitants.

A PERSEVERING TREE PLANTER.

There was a very perseverig intendant, or governor, of Bigorre and Béarn, Baron D'Etigny, of Luchon. Luchon, however, did not accept kindly the improvements which he designed for her benefit.

Having built many roads throughout the surrounding country, D'Etigny built still better ones for Luchon. He levelled the rough ground in the city, and proceeded to make greater innovations, opening three additional avenues and planting them with quadruple ranges of trees.

This focussed the growing opposition. Every chair-carrier and pony-hirer in Luchon, together with every owner of the land condemned, spitefully resented the opening of the new routes. Combining with the neighbouring mountaineers, they rose one night and uprooted the young trees, leaving the ways strewn with debris, and wholly impassable.

D'Etigny calmly built them up again and with increased care.

They were demolished again.

Even the intendant's patience failed him. He built the roads a third time, but, in addition to trees he studded them with troops.

They were not molested after that. D'Etigny's enemies found that they had a man against them who meant what he said, and was prepared to stand by it. Eventually they veered around, even into respect. Luchon in the end grew to rejoice in her streets unreservedly.

They stand to this day, and D'Etigny's name is all but canonised under the lindens which once heard him vigorously cursed.

TOY HISTORY.

It may be a surprising discovery to girls, who think of their dolls as the especial property of girls and of nobody else, that grown people used dolls before children did, and that, in Europe at least, it never seemed to occur to parents that children would find dolls interesting to play with, until they saw the children picking up pretty puppets designed for their elders.

The French of the fourteenth century, who first brought the use of dolls into Europe, did not make them to play with, as the grown-up Chinese are said to have done from remote antiquity, and as they still do.

The French ladies of the period we have mentioned used dolls for quite a different purpose. Having no fashion plates, they employed little images as models of the fashions. These figures or dolls were dressed in the latest mode, and sent from one great lady to another, and from one capital to another; and from the costumes of the period were copied.

In the year 1391, it is recorded the Queen of France sent the Queen of England a doll, "fashioned in the form of a demoiselle (young girl) mounted on horseback, and followed by a varlet on foot."

If any of the little princesses of the English Court happened to get hold of this richly dressed "demoiselle" on horseback, followed by a walking servant, what new emotions of joy must have been aroused in the royal little girl's bosom.

Perhaps it was the accidental discovery of some such childish rapture that first suggested to a royal or rich mother the purchase of a doll for her children.

Europeans, however, did not seem to have discovered that there may be fun for grown people in playing with dolls. The Chinese are said to cite as a proof of the inferiority of the civilisation of the Western world to their own, the fact that the Europeans leave the joys of playing with dolls and kites entirely to children, who thus seem to be wiser than their parents.

The ancients, whether they played with dolls or not, had many toys which corresponded pretty closely to some of our own. The Romans, for instance, spun with a lash a sort of top, which they called *turbo*. Boys whipped their tops in the streets of Rome in the days of Cicero, and perhaps in the days of Tarquin.

The Roman and Greek youths, indeed, were very well off in games. They had many that have fallen into disuse now, but they played with bat and ball. The Roman ball was made of tow or oakum.

Horace gives an account of the ringed hoop which Roman children used to trundle. They were encouraged by their parents to roll the hoop, because the exercise was regarded as very good for them.

WELLINGTON'S PLANS.

Before the Battle of Waterloo, no one was probably more uneasy than Lord Uxbridge, who, if Wellington should be killed, would be called upon to succeed him in command, and who knew nothing whatever about the Duke's plans.

"I am in a very difficult position," he said to a friend. "If any accident happens to the Duke I shall find myself commander-in-chief. I would give anything in the world to know the Duke's projects, and yet I dare not ask him what I ought to do."

After some consultation on the subject they went together to Wellington, and frankly told him the difficulty in hand.

The Duke listened without impatience, and at the end of Lord Uxbridge's speech he said calmly, "Who will attack the first to-morrow, I or Bonaparte?"

"Bonaparte," replied Lord Uxbridge.

"Well," continued the Duke, "Bonaparte has not given me any idea of his projects, and, as my plans will depend upon his, how can you expect me to tell you what mine are?"

Lord Uxbridge bowed, and made no reply. The Duke rose, and continued, touching him in a friendly way on the shoulder:

"There is one thing certain, Uxbridge, that is, that whatever happens, you and I will do our duty."

He then shook his hand warmly, and they separated, Lord Uxbridge no wiser than before, yet feeling that Wellington had trusted him exactly as far as his reticent nature would allow.

Yet the great Duke did depend in a great measure upon the application of common-sense to the needs of the moment. When he was once asked how he succeeded in conquering Napoleon's marshals, one after another, he replied:

"They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well, and answers very well, until it gets broken, and then you are done for. Now, I made my campaign of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on."

On another occasion he confessed that his success in life was to be attributed to the application of good sense to the circumstances of the moment.

Thus, although reticent by Nature, it is possible that he did not remain silent from choice alone, but because his designs were so subject to change.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

A few miles out of the city of Bankok there is a mineral spring, and near it a bungalow much frequented by the Europeans in the city. One evening as I rode up to this bungalow, a gentleman was alighting from his howdah at the entrance.

As soon as he had dismounted, his elephant was moved to one side, and my driver, who was seated on the head of my elephant, ordered it to advance. The instant he spoke, the animal which had moved aside to make room for us, flapped his great ears, and then turned sharply round facing my driver.

Suddenly, without the least warning, he stretched out his long trunk and wrapped it about the body of my man. Then, before anyone had time to interfere, he raised him high in the air and brought him to the ground with tremendous force! As the poor fellow struck the earth we could hear his bones crack. But the elephant was not done with him. The next moment he had placed his huge foot on the head and chest of the prostrate driver. When he raised it again, all semblance of life was gone from the crushed, mutilated body.

The gentleman whose elephant had committed the terrible deed was greatly distressed. He said that he had purchased the animal from the king's pen, that it had always been exceedingly gentle and well-disposed. The animal was blind, one eye having been put out by an attendant fifteen years previous.

It was my driver, I learned the next day, who had put out the elephant's eye. He was at the time one of the guards at the king's stock pen, and for some misdemeanour committed by the animal had thrown a stone which struck the creature full in the eye.

The elephant was so enraged thereafter at the sight of him, that, fearing for his life, the man left the place. But the injured animal had bided his time, and after fifteen years of waiting had terribly punished his enemy.

Mrs. Wickwire: "Of course I have my faults and failings, but you should be the last man to find them out."

Mr. Wickwire: "Well, I suppose I am, but it is too late for the knowledge to be of any use to me."

Doctor Jolicose: "What's the matter, my good fellow? Trying to be ill?"

Goodfellow: "They say I have typhoid fever."

Dr. Jolicose: "Typhoid fever! Bad thing. One of two things follows: patient always dies or is left an idiot. I've had it; I know."

Do you think the colour we have selected for the wrapper of "The Companion" a good one?

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

Readers will be glad to consider, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Work Competition. The attempts sent in for the "Knitting" Competition are being looked over, and the result will appear next week.

Ink Stains in a White Cloth may be removed by wetting the spots with milk, and then rubbing with common salt. Should this fail, moisten the spots with boiling water, and rub lightly with salts of lemon. Rinse well in cold water afterwards. (*Reply to* K. H. B. G.)

To Renovate Black Leather Bag. You will much improve your bag if you use this dressing:—Beat well the yolks of two eggs and the white of one. Mix a tablespoonful of methylated spirit with a teaspoonful of sugar, thicken it with ivory black and add it to the eggs. Apply with a brush. Leave several days to harden before using. (*Reply to* L. C.)

Stimulating Lotion for the Hair. This is a good recipe for stimulating the growth of hair. Put a small handful of box-leaves into a covered jar or teapot, pour over them a pint of boiling water. Let it remain till cold, when strain, and add two ounces of Jamaica rum to the fluid. Shake, and it is ready for use. Apply to the roots of the hair every night. (*Reply to* D. C. C.)

Snow Balls. I hope this is the recipe which you require, it is the only one that I know for cakes of that name. Whisk the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, dust in gradually six ounces of castor sugar; then add a pint of thick cream, whipped to a stiff froth, and sift in gradually, stirring gently all the time, three ounces of fine dry flour. Flavour with a tablespoonful of orange flower or rose water. Bake the cake in little moulds in a moderate oven. (*Reply to* Nora.)

How to Render Cloth Waterproof. I hope this recipe is what you require. Take of powdered alum and sugar of lead each half an ounce, and stir them into a gallon of rain water, and when the mixture is clear, pour off the upper liquid. Immerse the cloth in this for twenty-four hours, then dry and press it. The cloth will be uninjured in colour or texture, and will stand any amount of rain to which you are likely to be exposed. (*Reply to* M. O. H.)

Italian Way of Serving Celery. Boil two heads of celery for ten minutes. Drain, and put it in a saucepan with half a pint of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt. Simmer gently till the celery is quite tender. Set it aside to cool. Add a well-beaten egg. Butter a shallow pie dish, strew thickly with bread-crumbs, pour in the celery, etc. Sprinkle bread-crumbs over the whole. Put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake till it is cut and the top is brown.

A Breast of Mutton if carefully cooked in this way is a very good joint, and we all know that it is not an expensive one. Tie it in a thin cloth, and simmer gently, allowing fifty minutes for every pound of meat. Take it out of the cloth, place it in the oven, cover with melted dripping, and baste freely. Ten minutes before serving dust it thickly with crumbs, put a few bits of dripping on it, and brown. Serve with thick gravy, and garnish with slices of carrot or bits of broccoli, or, indeed, with any vegetable that is in season.

The "Isobel" Scissors. You ask me what I can recommend you as a household novelty. May I introduce you to the scissors bearing my name? You will find them invaluable for cutting out, being so designed as not to tire the hand by stretching when you wish to make a long cut. Write to Messrs. Marsden Bros., Bridge Street Works, Sheffield, for a pair of the "Isobel" cutting-out scissors, price 2s. 6d. If you like these you might also try the lighter make of the same kind, which this firm have brought out. (*Reply to* A Warm Admirer.)

Soda Cake made from this recipe cannot fail, I think, to give you satisfaction. It is rather rich, and will, if well baked, keep some time. Rub half a pound of butter, or butter and lard, into one pound of flour. Add half a pound of castor sugar, one ounce of candied peel, a quarter of a pound of sultanas, a quarter of a pound of currants. Beat three eggs, add to them half a pint of milk in which is dissolved a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Add to the dry ingredients. Beat all together and bake two and a half hours. The oven, when the cake is first put in, should be quick, but must moderate a little after. (*Reply to* Adelaide.)

Shortbread. Take one pound of fine dry flour, six ounces of castor sugar, and half a pound of butter. Knead well together. Roll out and cut into shapes. Place on a buttered baking tin and bake slowly. (*Reply to* Nora.)

For Destroying Superfluous Hair on the Face there is no really safe and reliable remedy but powdered pumice-stone, which should be slightly damped, and well rubbed on at night to the affected parts. (*Reply to* Two Correspondents.)

To Destroy Ants. You may rid your house of this pest with a little care. Wash the wood-work near their haunts with turpentine and water. Strew camphor about, and dust insect powder or snuff wherever they appear. (*Reply to* No Naturalist.)

Economical Pastry. Take four ounces of nice, floury mashed potatoes, add four ounces of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub into this three ounces of clarified dripping or lard. Make into a stiff dough with cold water. In mixing pastry it is always better to use a knife rather than the hand, for the lightness of the paste depends so much on its being kept cold when being made.

Grilled Oysters. Open as many oysters as required, leaving them in the deep part of the shell with their liquor. Add to each a squeeze of lemon juice, salt, and cayenne, and on the top place a piece of butter and a few fine crumbs. Place the shell on a gridiron over a clear fire, and broil for three minutes. Serve on a napkin, garnished with parsley and slices of lemon, and with brown bread and butter.

To Cure Herrings proceed as follows:—The fish are spread on a floor, and sprinkled with salt. When sufficiently salted, they are washed in large vats. The fish are then threaded through the gills in long spits holding two or three dozen. These are hung in the smoking-room, where fires of oak-boughs are kept smoldering. In about twenty-four hours they will be sufficiently smoked. (*Reply to* Emily.)

Colouring for Gravies and Soup is made in this way:—Place four tablespoonsful of brown sugar in an old iron saucepan, and stir it over the fire till it is a very dark brown colour, taking care it does not burn. Take off the fire, and add gradually a quarter of a pint of hot water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then strain, and bottle for use. Use only a small quantity at a time. (*Reply to* Janie.)

Savoury Pie is an economical and tasty dish, and will, I think, suit your requirements. Peel some potatoes, and slice them thinly. Chop an onion finely, add to it a little powdered sage, pepper and salt. Have a pound of trimmings of pork from a pork butcher, or, if you have not that, use bacon. Line a pie dish with a layer of potatoes, then a thin layer of meat, sprinkle with the seasoning; continue thus till the dish is full. Pour over some water, cover with a paste, and bake for two hours and a half. (*Reply to* Artisan.)

A Brilliant Transparent Varnish for Leather is made as follows:—one and a half gills of spirits of wine, two and a half pints of vinegar, three ounces of loaf sugar, two ounces of green copperas, one ounce of powdered galls, a quarter of a pound of powdered gum Senegal. Dissolve the sugar and gum in the vinegar over a slow fire, but do not let it boil. Now add galls, copperas, and the alcohol. Stir well for five minutes. When nearly cold strain through flannel and bottle for use. Apply with a pencil brush. (*Reply to* B. B. B.)

Lemon Curd is evidently unknown to you. It can be made at home, but it is not worth going to the trouble and expense when one can buy the best to inexpensively of Messrs. Sutcliffe and Bingham, Hulme, Manchester. Write for a shilling jar of Ekovab Lemon Curd, and you will find it excellent for cheese cakes, open tarts, Swiss roll, and indeed for any kind of sweet. Now that our jam cupboards are beginning to look bare it is especially valuable. This same firm prepare many other dainties, and all are equally to be commended. (*Reply to* Perplexed.)

House Linen is a subject on which I will gladly give you my advice, and I say first of all buy it in Ireland, for there is nothing like real Irish linen for wear. I would advise your writing to Messrs. Hutton and Co., Larne, Ireland, for their price list and patterns. Their goods are beautiful, and they make a specialité of hem-stitching and open work for pillow-cases, sheets, tablecloths, etc. This and embroidery they execute marvellously cheaply and well. Of course you will go in for some of these dainties in house linen as well as the solid goods, as you are newly furnishing; it is so much in vogue nowadays. Do you want handkerchiefs? If so, this firm will not only supply you with them, but will embroider your initials and monograms as well. (*Reply to* Bride.)

Curry Balls form a nice change from rissoles for those who like curry. Take equal parts of minced cold meat, and boiled rice, flavour with curry powder, and add some lemon juice. Mix with a beaten egg. Form into balls, dip in egg, and then in bread-crumbs, and fry a golden brown.

Will My Correspondents be Good Enough to give me their names and addresses, I would then answer all? At present there are many letters which I cannot reply to in this page for want of space, and cannot do it privately, for no address is given. This disappointment might easily be avoided if correspondents would concede to my request.

Apricot Omelette. Take four eggs. Beat the yolks till pale, and the whites till they are a stiff froth. Mix and beat together, adding by degrees a teacupful of milk, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, and a little lemon juice. Melt some butter in a small frying pan. When hot pour in the mixture. When set lay it on a hot dish, spread with apricot jam, fold over, and serve. Sift sugar over.

To Remove Grease from Hearthstone. Pour strong soda and water, boiling hot, on to the grease spots, then lay on a paste made of fuller's earth and boiling water. Let it remain all night, and if the grease is not removed repeat the process. Grease may sometimes be eradicated by scrubbing with strong soda water and soap, and rubbing well with sand. (*Reply to* A Regular Subscriber.)

Raisin Wine. Procure the best cooking raisins, pick them from their stalks, and to every gallon of water allow nine pounds of fruit. Place the fruit in a tub, and pour the water (which must be previously boiled and allowed to cool) over them. Stir it well every day for several days. Then strain it into a barrel, and leave it till the fermentation has ceased. Add a bottle of brandy to the cask, bung it up tight, and leave it for twelve months. Strain it into a clean cask, and after two years, if liked, the wine may be bottled. (*Reply to* Shem.)

Children's Sleep. It is unnecessary and hurtful to rock children or lull them to sleep, or to prolong it. If a child is well nourished and free from pain it will sleep in the day time as much as is necessary for its own welfare, if not to suit its mother or nurse. Children who have been properly and regularly fed when very young will, when weaned from night feeding, sleep the whole night without interruption. I would further impress on my readers that they should accustom children to go to bed at an early and regular hour, for it will be found beneficial both to their health and temper, and to the general comfort of the house.

Tips. Spots in furniture may be removed by rubbing with turpentine.——Do not allow fresh meat to remain in paper, it absorbs the juices.——Laundry starch makes the best paste for scrap-books.——Dip fish in boiling water before scaling it.——To freshen the leather seats of chairs rub with a soft cloth dipped in white of egg.——Stand a basin of water in the oven while a cake is baking, and it will not burn.——Pour boiling water through tea stains and they will speedily disappear.——Spirits of turpentine will remove grease or paint spots from cloth.——Whitewash spots may be removed by washing at once with vinegar.——For faded green blinds rub in linseed oil.

Isobel

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If you have a young girl, just try a Knockabout Frock; nothing could be better for regular or school wear, and the prices are so low that most ladies would refuse to make the frocks for the money, even if the materials were supplied free. Send a trial order, and if the Frock fails to please, cash will be promptly refunded.

Ladies' HALF-GUINEA SERGE COSTUMES. 10/6

Neat and serviceable, thoroughly well made and finished in the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (colours as above). The bodice, the seams of which are bound, is a blouse shape, with belt attached; it is pleated back and front, and the saddle and sleeves are well lined. The skirt, a smart and stylish shape, 40 inches long, has a deep inside facing of the same material at the bottom, the advantages of this being obvious; while the lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, saddle, and collar of bodice, are trimmed with rows of narrow black Russia braid, the whole thus forming a LADY'S COMPLETE COSTUME for the ridiculously low price of **10/6**, carriage paid for 7½d. extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust (under arms), but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra. BEAR IN MIND there is no "skimpy" look about these garments—they are full-sized, neat, and durable Costumes that will delight every lady who purchases one.

The following are a few critical opinions of the Press as to the above:—"Miracles of cheapness."—*Queen*. "They are most extraordinary value."—*Myra's Journal*. "The prices are simply amazing."—*Gentlewoman*. "The cheapest we have ever seen."—*Young Ladies' Journal*. "Never has better value been offered."—*Season*. "They are excellently finished."—*Pearson's Weekly*. "Sold at remarkably low prices."—*Housewife*. "Recommended for durability and cheapness."—*Christian World*. "They are really wonderful value."—*Madame Schild's Journal*.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (REGISTERED).

In Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda, or Black, fast colours, is 52 inches wide. It is an extremely durable tailor serge, beautifully finished, and will not spot with rain. A fabric that for wear and general appearance has never been equalled at the price, and every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* can

Secure a DRESS LENGTH of Six Yards for 7s. 6d

Carriage 9d. extra, or three Dress Lengths, carriage paid for **22/6**.

The above is no ADVERTISING CATCH, but a fair honest business offer from the largest Direct Supply Warehouse in the Kingdom.

Patterns and Illustrations of the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE GARMENTS will be sent, post free, with pleasure, on application to the Sole Manufacturer,

JOHN NOBLE, THE WAREHOUSE, 78 PRINCESS ST., **MANCHESTER**

KEATING'S LOZENGES

THERE IS NO BETTER REMEDY IN THE WHOLE WORLD FOR ALL COUGH AND THROAT TROUBLES THAN KEATING'S LOZENGES. ONE GIVES RELIEF. THEY WILL CURE, AND THEY WILL NOT INJURE YOUR HEALTH. THEY CONTAIN ONLY THE PUREST DRUGS.

Sold everywhere in 13½d. Tins.

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FOREMEN and others desirous of advancing the interests of their fellow-workmen and themselves should write for Catalogue (1,000 Illustrations) and full particulars, which may be had from

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City of London Watch Club Company,
New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, E.C.

THE

Dermathistic (Patent) Corset

SPECIALITÉ: BONES, BUSKS, AND STEELS PROTECTED BY LEATHER.

Every Lady should try them and they will wear no other. New dresses should be fitted with them, they improve and brace up the figure, and without exception are the Most Durable and therefore the Cheapest Corsets in the market.

ELEGANCE! COMFORT! DURABILITY!

The Coach Spring Busks, Registered, used in these Corsets are Warranted Unbreakable. 5s. 11d. per pair; also Better Qualities [illegible]

Order from any respectable Draper or Ladies' Outfitter.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.

L. REYNOLDS and CO.,
Manufacturers, Wholesale. PORTSMOUTH.

What "Pearson's Weekly" says:—

"'No more Lead Blacking required,'

says Mr. Lawson, of Bedford Road, Bootle, 'if my patent black varnish is used for the grates.' The idea of this same Lawson's black is that, while it will neither burn nor blister, and one application gives a gloss that lasts for many months, it makes a grate look much better than those polished with blacklead once every twenty-four hours."

Sold in tins at 2½d., 4½d., 6½d. each.

Full directions for use on each tin. One 6½d. tin contains sufficient Black for 12 ordinary grates.

All you require to use it with is

LAWSON'S PATENT BRUSH AND HOLDER,
Price 6½d.

One Brush will last a lifetime. The end of the Holder being attached to the Brush forms a shield to prevent the fingers being soiled with the black.

Ask your Tea-man, Grocer, Ironmonger, or Chandler for it, and see that you get it.

A large size tin and brush complete, per parcel post, for 1s. 6d., in stamps or P.O.

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Purchasing Agents in every Town wanted.

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GIDDINESS, SENSATIONS, FAINTS.

However many years the disease may have existed, or however complicated a case may be, do not despair, there is still hope. Write to the "Secretary," Burwood House, Burwood Place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure and advice on diet.

CLOTH DRESSES 6/-, 6/6, 9/-, the full dress length. Princess Marie A splendid Diagonal CHEVIOT SERGE [illegible] 12/- [illegible] Patterns post free. Carriage paid [illegible]

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permanently, root and branch, without injury to the skin. Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope. G. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

MOUSTACHIOS IN A MONTH, on the smoothest face, are produced by using HIRSUTINE, the French Formula for forcing hair—luxuriant growth—failure impossible. The only known remedy for baldness. Sent free from observation on receipt of 1s., to Madame A. DUMAS, at the Laboratory, 217 Graham Road, London, N.E. Large bottles, 2s 6d. and 5s.

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SCRUBB'S (CLOUDY HOUSEHOLD) AMMONIA.

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for all Toilet purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. bottle for six to ten baths:
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & Co., 15 Red Cross Street, S.E.

What to Eat and What to Avoid.

THIS interesting book is simply invaluable to all who suffer from Weak Stomach, Flatulency, or any form of Indigestion. Attention to the simple rules given will surely promote sound health and strength. In addition to other useful information it contains special articles on Drinking Fluid with Meals, How to Prepare Tea for Dyspeptics, Notes on Coffee, Alcohol, Smoking, Sleep after Food, When and What to Eat, Diet Table for Reducing Weight, Diet Table for Increasing Weight, a Table of the Chief Articles of Food, with the Time each takes to Digest.

Remember This most valuable Guide is offered quite without charge—in fact, money will not buy it. Simply send your name and address on a post card, naming *Pearson's Weekly*, to Guy's Tonic Company (New Offices), 6 Sloane Square, S.W., when a copy of this wonderful book will be forwarded to you gratis and post paid.

DEAFNESS CURED

Deafness and Noises after Colds, Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c., cured without the use of instruments, by the Rev. E. J. Silverton's Wonderful Remedial System. No pain or loss of time; one consultation sufficient. Over twenty years' experience with great success. No one should give up hope. Call if possible, or write for a letter of advice. Letter and consultation free. Rooms open daily. Hours 11 to 4; Saturdays till 1 only. IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

A NEW DEPARTURE IN INSURANCE!

The INDEPENDENT ORDER of FORESTERS

Chief Office for the United Kingdom—24 CHARING CROSS, WHITEHALL, LONDON.

JOIN THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

(1) JOIN THE I.O.F. BECAUSE—You can secure £200, £400, or £600 Insurance, at a cost ranging from 2s. 6d. per month per £200 and upwards, according to age, which is little more than ONE-THIRD the cost in ordinary Insurance Companies. For example, 3s. per month (36s. yearly) will secure Insurance Endowment of £200 to a man aged 30 last birthday. This would cost in an ordinary Insurance Company about £4 10s. per annum.

(2) BECAUSE—Membership secures £100, £200, or £300—one-half the Insurance Money—on total and permanent disability from disease or accident, without additional cost.

(3) BECAUSE—Also, without additional cost, Members are freed from any further payments at the age of 70, and from that time forward will receive an annuity of £20, £40, or £60 a year. The balance of Insurance is paid at death.

(4) BECAUSE—By paying two extra Assessments of 5s. per year and upwards according to age, for each £200 of Insurance, every Member can secure the PAYMENT TO HIMSELF of the whole Insurance of £200, £400, or £600, on reaching the expectation of life.

(5) BECAUSE—£20,000 HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED WITH THE GOVERNMENT TO GUARANTEE THE PAYMENT OF LIFE ASSURANCE CLAIMS IN THIS COUNTRY. The Funds of the Members are invested in the names of the Trustees of position and standing. THE ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS. All Benefits have been paid within a Few Days of Lodging the Claims, amounting in the aggregate to Two Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds.

(6) BECAUSE—It has an influential Membership, and the Fraternal and Social privileges of the Order are most valuable. The I.O.F. is the most successful Fraternal Society in the world. It is literally growing by leaps and bounds. Over one thousand new members are being added monthly.

(7) BECAUSE—This great Order is able to offer its £200, its £400, and its £600 Endowment Policies at less than half the ordinary or Insurance Company scale of charges.

For example, to a man aged 40, the ordinary or Insurance Company's charges for a policy of £400 is about £12 yearly; whereas in the Independent Order of Foresters it is 7s. 4d. per month (£4 8s. per annum).

In an Insurance Company there is no outside or extra charge beyond the premiums, while in the Foresters it costs for Initiation Fees, Medical Examination, &c., on a £400 Endowment Policy, £2 0s. 10d. to join, and about 10s. per annum afterwards for Court dues.

But the I.O.F. gives not an Ordinary Policy, but an Endowment at this price, under which all premium paying ceases at 70, and the sum assured is then paid in the form of an Annuity of £40 yearly and the balance at death. Compare the whole cost.

The Insurance Companies' yearly premium for a £400 Policy, say		£12 0 0
The I.O.F.'s monthly Assessment of 7s. 4d. for Endowment Policy of £400 comes to, per year	£4 8 0	
To which add Cost of Joining and Medical Examination	2 0 10	
And for Court Dues	0 10 0	
		6 18 10
		£5 1 2

This shows the amazing difference of £5 1s. 2d. for the first year, after allowing for cost of joining and cost of a year's Membership; but in the years following the saving is still greater, the total cost in the I.O.F. being, with Court Dues, £4 18s. in place of £12 in an ordinary Insurance Company, showing a saving of £7 2s. every year.

The actual cost of the risks of a £400 policy is, as per Actuary's Hm. Tables, £4 2s. 6d., from which it is evident that the Independent Order of Foresters offers its policies at a very slight advance upon cost. The monthly payments in respect of all ages from 18 to 49 years are given in the subjoined table. They are strictly in accordance with the example given above, and are for £200, £400, and £600 Endowment Policies. The cost of joining in respect of a £200 Policy is £1 14s. 7d., and in respect of a £600, £2 5s.

Extract from Schedule of Rates payable Monthly.

AGE.	£200. S.	£200. D.	£400. S.	£400. D.	£600. S.	£600. D.
18	2	6	5	0	7	6
21	2	7½	5	3	7	10½
25	2	9½	5	7	8	4½
30	3	0	6	0	9	0
35	3	3	6	6	9	9
40	3	8	7	4	11	0
45	4	3	8	6	12	9
49	5	7½	11	3	16	10½

These sums correspond very nearly with the cost of risks as given in the best Tables of Mortality.

By the constitution of the Order only 5 per cent. can be drawn for Expenses of Management.

Intending Members may join, or obtain all information from the Chief Office for the United Kingdom, 24 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London.

AGENTS WANTED TO FORM AND ORGANISE COURTS.

RESULT OF THE MISSING WORD CASE.

WHAT IS GOING TO BE DONE WITH THE £23,628 14s

AT last the decision of the Court of Chancery in the principal case relating to the Missing Word Competitions has been given. It will perhaps be well to shortly recapitulate events. On the 15th December last the Senior Metropolitan Magistrate decided that a somewhat similar Competition, in a contemporary, was a lottery, and therefore illegal. Thereupon, the Commissioner of City Police and the City Sheriffs served upon myself and the Bank of England, at which my account is kept, certain notices which prevented any dealing with the funds there standing to the credit of this journal for various Missing Word Competitions.

This action of the authorities came as a surprise. For upwards of a year similar Competitions had been announced in these columns, and had been carried out according to the advertised conditions without let or hindrance, and it seemed a very arbitrary proceeding to shut everything down without any notice.

One immediate result was that proceedings were commenced in the Chancery Division with the object of determining once and for all whether the competitions were lotteries or not, and what was to become of the funds subscribed by competitors. So was started the now famous case of Barclay *v.* Pearson.

The case was fully argued by eminent Counsel practising before Mr. Justice Stirling, and the Judge, in giving judgment, desired "to thank the learned Counsel engaged in the case for the great assistance they had afforded him." I may be pardoned for quoting certain other remarks of the Judge.

His Lordship said, "As regards the defendant Mr. Pearson, no imputation is, or can be, made on his good faith or honesty. He appears to have carried through a large number of Competitions without any interference, and the abrupt termination of the Competition in question was brought about by criminal proceedings against another person."

After an exhaustive examination of authorities, the Judge decided that this and similar Competitions did amount to lotteries, and were therefore illegal; that the costs were first to be paid out of the fund, and the balance handed to me, to be dealt with as I felt "in honour bound."

The question is, How shall this large sum be disposed of?

A great many people seem to be under the impression that the proper thing for me to do with it would be to apply it to charitable objects, and I have been inundated with applications from hospitals, homes, and charitable institutions of every description, imploring that at least a portion of it should be bestowed upon them.

I do not, however, see how in common fairness to the persons who contributed the fund I could make disposal of it in any such manner as this. It is impossible to regard the money as my own. It is simply a trust fund, and I surely should be abusing that trust if I arbitrarily applied it to any charitable object, however excellent that object might be.

Plainly the persons who contributed the fund are entitled to first consideration. My own inclination unquestionably is to deduct whatever sum legal expenses have swallowed up, and distribute the balance among the winners, thus carrying out the idea regarding the termination of the competition that must have been held by every competitor who entered it.

But it is a moot point whether, from a strictly legal aspect, any contributor to the fund who feels called upon to do so, may not apply for a return of his contribution. This, however, would have to be determined in a court of law, and in the interests of the winners who, to my mind, are the persons entitled to the fund, I should not accept the correctness of this view except after an adverse decision.

Seeing that it might be open to any dishonest person to make an application, whether he or she really entered the competition or no, it is only natural that in the event of any such applications being made, I should require the most convincing proofs of their *bona fides*.

No application will be considered as proved until it has been sustained in a court of law, and the legal costs of proving the genuineness of claims may fall upon claimants, who furthermore will find it incumbent upon them to make good their claims in the City of London Court, as this office is within the City of London.

The costs on my side would be paid out of the fund; so if this course were pursued by contributors, it is safe to say that almost the whole of the £23,628 14s. would go to enrich the lawyers, for a successful claimant would, in almost every case, find that his legal expenses came to more than the money which was returned to him.

But putting altogether aside difficulties of this kind which would confront those who wished to establish claims to the return of moneys which they had contributed to the competition, I cannot see how the spirit of fairness and honesty, which must be present to some extent in every breast, would allow anyone to make such an application.

Competitors entered the competition before any legal complications arose, and with the purpose of abiding by its outcome. If matters go as I wish them to, that outcome will not have been disturbed in the least, except for the fact that the legal proceedings which arose have caused the deduction of a certain amount of money from the sum total. The winners will receive their prizes; the losers will be minus their entrance fees, as was the case in the fifty-two competitions which preceded this one.

However, if any competitors feel that they are not bound by any such considerations as these, or by legal difficulties, and wish to assert their claims for the return of whatever amounts they contributed to the fund, they must please request their lawyer to communicate with me without delay. Applications will be placed in the hands of my solicitors, Messrs. Harrison and Davies, of 30 Bedford Row, London, W.C., who will proceed to deal with them by medium of the Court.

If any intend to make application they must do so within fourteen days of the issue of this paper, as the fund will be distributed among the prize-winners very shortly, and once it has been distributed the whole matter will be at an end.

Other actions are pending in Chancery as to competitions in *Pearson's Weekly*, *Society News*, and *The Companion*, but as the principle involved in Barclay's case will apply to these, I anticipate a similar order. As to those past Competitions, with respect to which cheques have been despatched to prize-winners, steps are being taken to free the funds, and it is hoped that the holders of such of those cheques as had not been cashed when the trouble arose will receive payment before this number appears, or at all events very shortly after.

Thousands of letters have come to hand since Justice Stirling's decision was made known. Their number is too great to admit of a reply being sent to each, so I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the senders for their friendly attitude, and their congratulations upon the result of the case. I am led from these letters to believe that the distribution of the fund amongst winners will prove universally popular.

In the face of Mr. Justice Stirling's decision, it is evident that the Missing Word Competition in the Extra Christmas Number of *P. W.* cannot be carried out. So those who entered for it must have another chance of winning one of the hundred half-sovereigns or the thousand pencil-cases that were offered in prizes.

Next week, therefore, an easy competition will be announced with this object.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

THOSE who wish for a Pencil-case this week must form an English word with the following letters:

IIIIIRRMNNNAAASTTT.

A Pencil-case to the first person from whom a correct solution is received, and to every twenty fifth afterwards until fifty have been awarded. Post-cards only, please.

L. L. C. sends some interesting particulars of the largest electric light installation afloat. It is that fitted to the new Cunard liner, the *Campania*, and consists of 1,480 lamps. To connect these with the dynamos, twenty-nine and a half miles of wire are used, and the wiring on board for electric bell purposes runs to nine and a half miles more.

ANXIOUS.—Yours is rather a delicate question. You are a bachelor, you see, and I don't quite know whether I have any right to let you into such secrets. Still, if you will keep it quiet, I don't mind saying that the bliss extracted from the kisses of lovers as compared with that arising from those which are exchanged between average married folk is in the exact proportion of two to one. Moral: remain a lover as long as possible.

W. L.—It is a complete mistake to imagine that a railway accident claim upon *Pearson's Weekly* would be invalidated by another claim upon another paper in the case of which the insurance was also covered by the Ocean Company. The claims for each paper would, of course, stand quite separately.

"I AM curious to know," writes PHONE, "whether it is true that sounds can be heard at a greater distance in extremely cold weather?——————They can unquestionably. In the Arctic regions, where the thermometer is not ashamed to stand perpetually below zero, persons can converse easily at a distance of a mile. The explorer, Dr. Jamieson, has asserted that he once heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. That's what a good many people think they can do in this country on a cold Sunday morning.

A GENTLEMAN signing himself COUNTRYMAN wants to know what right we have to sparrows up in London. He says we have no use for them up here, and that they are wasting their time in dissipation when they ought to be at work in the country. By way of showing how useful they are in rural districts, he says:—"I calculate that about five young sparrows inhabit every nest. Also that each family requires at the least 250 caterpillars a day to keep body and soul together. As the feeding period lasts some thirty days, it does so at expense of about 7,500 caterpillars. Now, these caterpillars live entirely upon buds and leaves, and on an average everyone of them destroys one bud a day at the very lowest computation. Therefore it is fair to assume that if they had been allowed to continue their careers of destruction they would have devoured some 225,000 buds during that period alone. Then, assuming that one out of every seven of these buds would have yielded fruit, we find that one family of sparrows alone has saved at least 30,000 pears, apples, plums, etc., etc."————————After these figures I think COUNTRYMAN had better come and fetch the London sparrows away. They can't do that sort of thing up here. But he wouldn't want to take them if he knew how the sight of a little chirping bird can cheer a weary Londoner.

T. L. writes from Consett, co. Durham:—

In the issue for week ending February 4th, you express surprise that some insurance company has not adopted the idea of insuring people against the damage done by waterpipes bursting. I beg to state that such an insurance already exists in this district. The Consett Water Company enters into an agreement with owners of property that they will repair the water taps and pipes which get out of order, by frost or otherwise, on payment of one shilling a year per tap. I may say I pay for two taps, and the arrangement is very satisfactory. Perhaps something similar also exists in other towns.

PRAVDA, who tells me that she is an old friend of General Gourko, who formed the subject of a recent "Worker" article, and his family, says that though the particulars given of this soldier's absolute heartlessness in military matters are perfectly accurate, a better husband or kinder father does not exist. Pravda adds that during the war with Turkey General Gourko carried his wife's portrait with him wherever he went, and always slept with it in his hands.————————This correspondent's remarks are a curious illustration of the fact that a man may have two entirely separate individualities—one for his trade or profession and one for his domestic circle. Most people who have had to do with business life know that, so far as civilians are concerned, this is true enough, and, after all, the change from gentleness to financial bloodsucking is just as remarkable as that which General Gourko shows from his professional to his domestic relations.

REFERRING to the "Ostrich" paragraph, M. M. writes:—

My husband and I were residents at the Cape for some years, and so got to know a little about ostriches. I found it difficult to believe that a bird, immense in size though it is, should be capable of making such a terrific noise. I have never heard the roar of a lion, but I have that of a fierce and angry bull, and the noise the ostrich makes is quite equal to that.

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

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One Year.....	8	8
Half Year	4	4
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Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.

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Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co., Sydney & Melbourne.

P. W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Don't forget that the Salary Competition closes on March 15th.

Men and Women say

My hair is falling off; I shall have bald patches. Quite true; baldness, either partial or complete, must result if there is hair loss or decay.

But—there is no excuse for you, whilst you allow your hair to fall off, by neglecting our proffered aid.

Thousands of men and women have turned to us, and now have heads of beautiful hair—soft, silken, glossy, and abundant. There is no magic in it. Just a simple remedy, based upon the investigations of Sir Erasmus Wilson, Sir Charles Locock, Mr. Startin, and others, prepared for sale under a physician's and eminent consulting chemist's guidance.

Merit has been found, because it was sought for and paid for.

And thus it is that "Bur-Koma" (Hair-grower) is the one safe and reliable remedy for the Hair. It fertilises the growth and produces hair. It carries down nourishment, and with it new life and vigour to the hair bulbs or roots, and thus promotes and strengthens old growths of hair and creates new ones.

If you have Baldness, Bald Patches, Hair thinning, or any other Hair Loss whatever, or have Scurf, Dandriff, or other Fungus, we cordially recommend "Bur-Koma" (Hair-grower) to you, as safe, pleasant, and efficacious.

Or, if you have a scanty growth of hair, and wish the hair of your Head, or Beard, Moustache, or Whiskers to be more abundant and beautiful, then "Bur-Koma" (Hair-grower) will gradually bring about what you require.

"Bur-Koma" (Hair-grower) is put up in bottles price 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., containing respectively 2 oz., 6 oz., and 12 oz. Post free 3d. extra. Pamphlet free on application. Get six 2s. 6d. orders for us among your friends, and send us 15s., and we will send the goods carriage paid in one parcel, and with it a present value 7s. 6d. for your trouble. Address, The "Bur-Koma" Manufacturing Co, 28 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

LADIES CONSIDER YOUR POCKETS 50 PER CENT SAVED!

5 Necessary Articles MAY BE PURCHASED **FIRST HAND**

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ANY LENGTH CUT AT MILL PRICES.

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BEST AND WEAR LONGEST. ODOURLESS, STAND ALL CLIMATES.

Every Garment bears the Name and Trade Mark.

New Styles and Designs with all the Latest Improvements. Fashionable Shapes.

Every Garment Guaranteed.

For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children. For Driving, Shooting, Yachting, &c. Specially Made to Order. BEST MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP. To be had of all Respectable Drapers.

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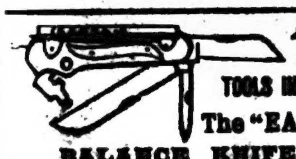

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Is justly styled by the Press a veritable "Multum in Parvo." It is an ordinary sized POCKET KNIFE, mounted in nickel-silver, inlaid tortoiseshell, containing instruments answering 10 purposes: Three Blades, Cigar Cutter, Saw [illegible], Coin Tester, Glass Notch, Pattern Cutter, Glass Cutter, Three-inch Rule, and a Spring Balance weighing up to 12 lb. Samples post free [illegible]

NOTICE—A FREE GIFT TO ALL. Every purchaser of a Knife will receive gratis and post free a [illegible] silver handsomely chased Pencil Case [illegible] and Marking Ink, and a 6d. box of 1s [illegible] for same, lasting several years; also 3 samples of our celebrated nickle-pointed Columbian Gold Pens, the easiest pen to write with, and our Illustrated Catalogue of Patent and Domestic Novelties.

(P.W.) BRAUN & CO., 87 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

AUTOMATIC [illegible] TRAP.—GENUINE.—£100 REWARD.—Impossible for saliva to enter pipe or nicotine the mouth. Complete outfit, 8 stamps; with handsome Self-lighter Pipe in box, 1/-, 1/6, 2/- [illegible]

G. F. [illegible], [illegible] Leicester.

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The Very Best. Lists Post Free. 100 pp. 50 pp. Testimonials and Press Notices. Easy Terms any Machine. 12 Equal Monthly Payments. £10, 16s 8d Monthly.

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Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1/1½ & 2/9, (containing three times the quantity) of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, NOTTINGHAM. *Beware of Imitations, Injurious and Worthless.*

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MIND YOUR EYES.

Spectacles and Folding Eyeglasses from 1s. per pair. Fine Brazilian Pebble spectacles 5s. 6d. per pair. *Tens of thousands of these have been sold.* On receipt of name and address we will forward *post free* our latest Pamphlet on the Eyesight, together with our improved method of accurately testing the sight without the necessity of a personal interview. We GUARANTEE to supply you with spectacles EXACTLY SUITED to your requirements at a FAR LESS COST than any other in the kingdom.

P. W. PERRY & CO., Opticians to the leading Hospitals and Eye Institutions, 23 Lord Street, Liverpool.

GIGANTIC SALE OF **Lockstitch Sewing Machines.**

To be sold without reserve by order of the manufacturers. Must be sold for cash at once. Lockstitch Machines for 6s. 6d. Each one guaranteed by us. Writing about these machines.—Miss Rushton, Heaton Norris, says: "Enclosed is money for another machine I am much pleased with them." Mrs. Brooks, Pye Bank, Sheffield, says: "We are very much pleased with the machine." Mrs. Gillett, Rectory Lodge, Church Street: "I am very much pleased with it and will recommend it to all." When you can get a thoroughly reliable, well made Sewing Machine for 6s. 6d., doing work as well as one at two guineas, you are foolish not to do so. They do the most beautiful work, they are splendidly made, and we hold the entire stock. You cannot get a LOCKSTITCH machine in your town under about 40s. We offer you one for 6s. 6d., examined and guaranteed by us to be perfect. We will pack it in box and send it, carriage paid, to your door without any extra charge. Every machine is beautifully silver-plated, has a real shuttle, and is a real LOCKSTITCH, not Chain Stitch machine. It is an absurd price, and you may think there is some catch in it, but it is absolutely true, and if not you can send it back. The manufacturers wanted money, and we bought their stock at a ruination price. If you have any doubt, write to your friends in London to call and see them. Plenty of people do this, and when they see them wonder how we can sell them for the money, and of course it could not be done in the ordinary way. It is just the chance of a lifetime. Do not wait till they are all gone as we cannot get any more, and you will not see this advertisement again, as we feel sure we shall get more orders than we can execute, so send at once. Remember the price, 6s. 6d., includes the Lockstitch Machine complete, guaranteed by us, and delivered, carriage paid. Send for extra needles, 1s. per doz. 3 extra spools for 6d. Oil Can, 4d. Specimen of work done by the machine, 1d.

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Madame Frain's [illegible] **FAMOUS FEMALE MIXTURE.**

The most powerful and effective on earth. For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 1s. 6d. (stronger, 11s. bottle.) Post free, 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1 Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N.E. [illegible] Directed Envelope for particulars [illegible] I will forfeit £200 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be [illegible]

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious & Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,

DISORDERED LIVER, AND FEMALE AILMENTS.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d each, with full directions.

The 1s. 1½d. box contains 56 pills.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

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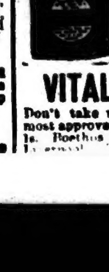
THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

DUTCH STAR CHOCOLATE. Most Delicious. SOLUBLE WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK. Nothing Nicer. TRY IT. It is the best value of Dutch Cocoas. 1s. 2d. per lb. Makes 50 Cups. SAMPLES FREE. DUTCH COCOA WORKS, RICHMOND ROAD, N.E.

A BOON TO LADIES. A retired English Surgeon Specialist will forward (free of charge) full particulars of a Remedy which, during an extensive practice in England and the Colonies, he has never known to fail in the Most Obstinate Case of Obstruction and Irregularities. Forward addressed envelope for full particulars, and waste no more time and money on useless pills and so-called remedies, &c., which, in the majority of cases, are nothing but purgatives, and cause sickness, prostration, and pain, without having the desired result. Letters to be addressed—THE SURGEON Gothic House, 9 Erskine Street, Liverpool.

TO EARN MONEY. In spare time send Post-card for specimens, terms and free Sample of Pen & Pencil Stamp. THE SECRETARY, City Rubber Stamp Co., 64 SNOW HILL, LONDON.



Dr. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE. Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness. *Sold by all Chemists and Stores.* Price ONE SHILLING. Refuse worthless imitations. Post-free 15 stamps from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

VITAL SECRETS FOR MEN. Don't take medicine, but read "MYSTERIA," the most approved guide on essential matters. Post free, 1s. Boethus Publishing Company, 61 Lord Street, Liverpool. Mention Pearson's [illegible]

In the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division).—Hodgson v. Webb Brothers.—On the 18th day of July, 1890, his Lordship, Mr. Justice Chitty, granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Fredk. Hodgson's Trade Mark, "Eclipse," No. 93,774 (of Leeds).

THE WORLD'S WONDER.

"ECLIPSE" CARPETS. (Registered)

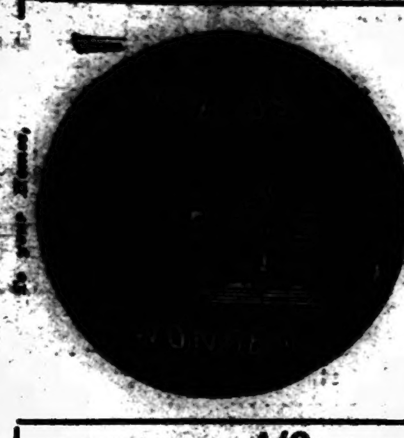
I will forward direct from the Looms (carriage free to any address), on receipt of 4/9.

A GENUINE

WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPET.

The Largest ever sold at the Price.

The Largest ever sold at the Price.



Carriage Free.

Suitable for Breakfast Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in colours, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have been already sold at double these prices.

"Eclipse" Rug sent with Carpet, 1s. 6d. extra. Special Offer—two Carpets and two Rugs for 10s. 6d.; four Carpets and four Rugs, 20s. Carriage free.

"We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—*Exchange and Mart.* "Wonderful value for money."—*Church Bells.* Hundreds of favourable press notices from the *Christian Globe, Christian World, Christian Age, Rock, Catholic Times, &c., &c.* Thousands of testimonials and repeat orders from my customers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY.

CAUTION.—All my goods are sent Carriage Free. Beware of all firms not specially stating this, or otherwise you may be called to pay heavy charges for carriage.

Carriage Free. 4/9 each.

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, Sept. 24th, 1892.
The Countess Elizabeth of Winchilsea and Nottingham writes, requesting Mr. Hodgson to send her two more of the "Eclipse" Carpets and two Rugs to match. Cheque 10s. 6d. enclosed."

Preswylfa Penmaen, Blackwood, Sept. 13th.
Miss Walter Bros writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs to hand, and are pleased with them. Please send three of your 'Queen's Royal' Hearthrugs. Cheque for ... enclosed."

..., Lincs., Sept. 6th, 1892.
Joseph Jakes, Esq., writes:—"Will you send me two more 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs; amount, 10s. 6d., enclosed. I am quite satisfied with the others sent."

..., Norfolk, Sept. 10th, 1892.
W. B. Lloyd, Esq., writes:—"Please send me two more 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs. I had one last month from you, and now have no hesitation in stating they are a very cheap and good carpet, and well worth the consideration of parties requiring such things."

"Torrylin House," Kilmorie, N.B., Oct. 7th, 1892.
Mrs. A. Speirs writes:—"I am much pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs. Kindly send me two more Carpets and Rugs, different patterns, for which I enclose 10s. 6d."

Clifton Terrace, Kenilworth, Oct. 25th, 1892.
Miss Hart writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets you sent have proved very satisfactory, and I now wish you to send two more of them, with Rugs to match. Amount, 10s. 6d., enclosed."

Sandlemore, Withernsea, Sept. 15th, 1892.
James Sewell, Esq., writes:—"Your 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs received safely, and I find them quite equal to the praise awarded them; they are strong, reliable, serviceable, and fit to place in any dwelling. Kindly foward me four more 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs to match. Amount 20s. find enclosed."

Eldon Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sept. 9th, 1892.
A. Tranah, Esq., writes:—"Kindly oblige by sending me two more 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs, also 'Queen's Royal' Rug, and one Double Warp Silk Rug at 4s. 9d. Cheque 17s. 9d. enclosed."

Horton Rectory, Oct. 6th, 1892.
The Rev. H. B. Rathleigh writes:—"I have received the 'Eclipse' Carpets, and ask you to send two more of them (Electric Shades) with Rugs to match. Amount, 10s. 6d., enclosed."

Royiat, Friars Place, East Acton, W., Oct. 3rd, 1892.
J. R. Crank, Esq., writes:—"Please send me two more 'Eclipse' Carpets and two Rugs, for which I enclose 10s. 6d. I want them similar to those sent last year."

Holcombe, Dawlish, Devon, Oct. 8th, 1892.
Miss Pennel writes:—"I am much pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets Mr. F. Hodgson sent her, and shall be obliged by his sending her two more same Carpets with Rugs to match. Amount, 10s. 6d., enclosed."

Portishead, Somerset, Oct. 7th, 1892.
R. Newman, Esq., writes:—"I am very well satisfied with the 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs you sent me, and herewith enclose you P.O. for 39s. for one of your 'King's Royal' Velvet Pile Drawing-room Carpets, 9ft. by 12ft.; colours, subdued art shades."

The Hollies, Hertford, Oct. 7th, 1892.
Mrs. Price writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets arrived safe. I am much pleased with them. I should like two more, sending exactly the same, with Rugs to match, early as possible. Cheque 10s. 6d. enclosed."

Edrom, Berwickshire, Oct. 6th, 1892.
J. Paterson, Esq., writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets arrived, and give perfect satisfaction, and shall be pleased to have two more of the same with Rugs for 10s. 6d. Amount enclosed."

44 Railway-street, Manchester, Oct. 4th, 1892.
Mrs. B. Littler writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets I had from you twelve months ago are very good value. Please send me two Skin Rugs at 1s. 11d. each. Amount 3s. 10d., enclosed."

Herringswell, Mildenhall, Sept. 20th, 1892.
Mrs. Calver writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpet sent I am very satisfied with. Send another; also one pair of your heavy All-wool Blankets at 10s. 6d. P.O. enclosed."

Hutton House, Hutton-in-the-Forest, Sept. 25th, 1892.
R. Graham, Esq., writes:—"I am very pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets. Oblige by now forwarding me two of your 'Queen's Royal' Carpets. Cheque for amount, 59s., enclosed."

Elford, Staffordshire, Sept. 19th.
Miss Salt writes:—"Will Mr. Hodgson kindly send another 'Eclipse' Carpet at 4s. 9d.? The one I received some time ago gives very great satisfaction. P.O. 4s. 9d. enclosed."

Charman Dean, Broadwater, Sept. 9th, 1892.
Mrs. Wedd writes:—"I will thank Mr. Hodgson to send two more of his 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs to match. The last carpet gave much satisfaction. Cheque 10s. 6d. enclosed."

Glencolumbkill, co. Donegal, Sept. 24th, 1892.
The Rev. P. McShane writes:—"I am well pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets you sent. Please send two more 'Eclipse' Carpets and two Rugs, for which find amount 10s. 6d."

An entirely New Range of "Eclipse" Carpets in the New Art Shades, comprising Seals, Electric Blues, Golds, and Leading Art Designs.

Great Sale of a Manufacturer's Stock of All-wool Yorkshire Cloth and Witney

BLANKETS.

They are guaranteed most reliable in make, finish, and wear. Unequalled by any other manufacturer, and are all perfect goods, made from long staple yarns; beautiful in colour and touch, being most carefully selected and real standard makes.

SALE PRICE, **12/6** PER PAIR. 700 Pairs of Real, Beautiful, White, Witney Raised, all-wool Blankets. —Most marvellous value. Very large size, measuring 72in. by 90in.; weighing average 8lb. SPECIAL OFFER.—3 pairs for 36s. Carriage free.

SALE PRICE, 60 **7/6** PER PAIR. Pairs of Real, Beautiful, White, Witney Raised, All-wool Blankets —Measuring 60in. by 72in. SPECIAL OFFER.—3 pairs for 22s. Carriage free.

SALE PRICE, **10/6** PER PAIR. 400 Pairs of Real, Beautiful, White, Witney Raised All-wool Blankets —Good size, measuring 72in. by 84in. SPECIAL OFFER.—3 pairs for 30s. Carriage free.

"Æsthetic Natural Health" Flannel (Regd.)

F. HODGSON, Sole Proprietor.

Medically Recommended.	PURE UN-DYED NATURAL WOOL	Wear Guaranteed.
1/-, 1/3, 1/6, per yard.	Can only be had direct.	Carriage Free.

Width 30 inches. Patterns, with Catalogues, post free.

Important Sale of Gentlemen's All-wool Æsthetic Natural Health Flannel Shirts.

In an entirely new range of Spring Designs for 1893.

SALE PRICE, **6/6** POST FREE. Very best quality, all Wool, newest style, best finish, and full size, in following neck sizes only: 14in., 14½in., 15in., 15½in., 16in., 16½in., and 17in. These Shirts are made in best possible manner of my best quality Flannel, as above, ready shrunk, are guaranteed to please in wear, and only want to be seen to be repeated. SPECIAL OFFER.—3 for 18s. 6d., 6 for 36s., Carriage Free.

Floriana, Malta, Oct. 24th.
J. Murphy, Esq., Bandmaster 1st Shropshire Light Infantry, writes:—"I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the half-dozen 'Æsthetic Woollen Health' Shirts ordered, and informing you that I am thoroughly satisfied with them in every way."

PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.—The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

The Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household

2/6 Carriage Free. HEARTHRUGS (REGD.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. These Hearthrugs have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and utility, having no equal. Registered designs, and considered works of art. Thousands of *repeat orders* and testimonials received, *including undermentioned*, giving the highest satisfaction. Special Offer—Three for 7s.; Six for 13s. 6d; Twelve for 20s. *Carriage Free.*

Very Rev. Dean Ferguson
Rev. Dr. Wolstenholme
Dean of Killaloe
Archdeacon Long
Dean Carrington Rev. Dr. Carr
Rev. Dr. Holden Rev. Dr. Ross
Rev. Canon Mather
Rev. Canon Cooper
Rev. Canon Hamilton
Rev. Canon Tottenham
Rev. Canon Dudgeon
Arch. of York Dean of Bangor
Archdeacon of Dromore, D.D.
Archdeacon of Ossory
Archdeacon Worsley
Archdeacon Bruce
Archdeacon Rawstorne
Bishop of Capetown
Archdeacon of Aghadoe
Rev. Canon Wilson
Canon Prothero

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg
Princess de Croy
Countess of Haddington
Baroness Le-Linden
Countess of Lichfield
Marchioness of Breadalbane
Marchioness of Hastings
Countess of Yarborough
Viscountess Halifax
Countess Kearney
Countess Cowley
Viscountess of Molesworth
Viscountess of Hereford
Duchess of Wellington
Marchioness of Bute
Viscountess of Trafalgar
Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock
Duchess of Richmond
Dowager-Countess Clancarty
Countess of Ashburnham
Rt. Hon. Lady Martin Keane
Countess of Winchilsea
Dowager-Countess of Roden

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, April 14th.
Elizabeth Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, writes, further requesting Mr. Hodgson to "send her six more of the 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs at 13s. 6d., as soon as possible, those received she is very much pleased with. Cheque enclosed."

The Elms, West End, West Hampstead, Jan. 4th.
Sir William Onslow, Bart., writes:—"I was much pleased with the 'Queen's Royal' Carpet and Rugs which I had from you a short time ago. Please send me another, 12ft. by 18ft., £2 2s., with three Hearthrugs to match. Cheque enclosed."

Corrard, Lisbellaw, Ulster, Sept. 1st.
Sir Charles S. King, Bart., writes:—"Please forward me two more 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs, different patterns, of subdued Turkish shades, also three more Real Opossum Fur Rugs. Enclosed you have cheque value 10s. 6d."

Sunningdale, Berks, July 5th.
Sir Frederick A. Milbank, Bart., writes:—"Please supply me with another 'Queen's Royal' Carpet, 12ft. by 21ft., 49s. 3d., for a dining-room for my shooting residence at Barningham Park—similar terra-cotta and gold colours as supplied for my drawing-room last year."

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible. RICH TURKEY PATTERN.

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

CARPETS (REGD.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Woven without Seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

Size		Price	Size		Price	Size		Price
6 ft. by 9 ft., price	*Carriage free.*	11s. 9d.	9 ft. by 12 ft., price	*Carriage free.*	22s. 9d.	12 ft. by 13½ ft. price	*Carriage free.*	31s. 3d.
8 " " 9 " "		12s. 6d.	9 " " 13½ " "		25s. 9d.	12 " " 15 " "		34s. 9d.
6 " " 12 " "		15s. 6d.	10½ " " 12 " "		25s. 9d.	12 " " 18 " "		42s. 9d.
9 " " 9 " "		17s. 9d.	12 " " 12 " "		27s. 9d.	12 " " 21 " "		49s. 3d.
9 " " 10½ " "		20s. 9d.	9 " " 15 " "		27s. 9d.			

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of laying down a square in the middle of the room, the flooring beyond being stained and varnished, or polished with beeswax according to the French fashion.

A Cargo of REAL GOAT SKIN

HEARTHRUGS.

SALE PRICE, **10/6** EACH.

Rich, Silken, Glossy Fur, splendid condition, in Black, Grey, and White, average size, 6 feet long by 3 feet wide, perfection guaranteed.

SPECIAL OFFER:—3 for 30s. Carriage paid.

3,000 Real Italian Reversible

SILK RUGS,

Extra Quality Offered at Prices undreamt of even by the Italian Manufacturers. In most elegant Roman Art Stripes. The quality cannot fail to bring repeat orders from all parts of the United Kingdom. The stock remaining—1,200 only—to be sold at this price, which all requiring should avail themselves of. They are very heavy, most superb in manufacture, and are used for Railway Rugs, Bed Quilts, Sea Voyages, Sofa Covers, Table Covers, Curtains, Morning Wraps, and a variety of other purposes. Measuring 30 inches by 78 inches.

SALE PRICE, **2/11** EACH.

SPECIAL OFFER:—3 for 8s. 6d., 6 for 16s. 9d., 12 for 33s. Carriage Free.

A MAGNIFICENTLY HANDSOME STOCK OF

Reversible Woven Tapestry

TABLE COVERS,

In combination of Colours, comprising Old Gold, Cardinal, Art Blue, Seal Cardinal, &c., measuring Two Yards Square. These Goods I have imported direct from Continental Markets, and they are entirely New Designs, and have Massive Knotted Fringes. Are equal in wear and appearance to real Tapestries.

POST FREE, **6/6** EACH.

SPECIAL OFFER:—3 for 18s., 6 for 3?s. 6d. Carriage Free.

Queensboro' Terrace, London, ... Lady Wylie writes: "The Tapestry Table Cover I ordered answers very well indeed."

A WARNING.

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Owing to numerous complaints reaching me, I beg to state the above goods can only be had direct from me. NO AGENTS appointed. Beware of unscrupulous advertisers copying my advertisements, and thus misleading. £5 Reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of any person selling the "QUEEN'S ROYAL" or "ECLIPSE" Carpets and Hearthrugs.

I rely entirely upon Spontaneous Repeat Orders from my Clients for the maintenance of my trade. (Established nearly quarter of a ... *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, WITH TESTIMONIALS, FREE.* TO READERS of *Pearson's Weekly* this week.—Sent Carriage Free to any part of the British Isles, ...unt, and refunded if not as described. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cheques and P.O.'s (may be crossed for safety, Messrs. Beckett and Co., Old Bank) payable to—

F. HODGSON, MANUFACTURER, IMPORTER, AND MERCHANT, WOODSLEY ROA[D], [L]EEDS.

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